"TripleX" — the safety glass

THE SPHERE, JANUARY 10, 1942
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
1/6

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXVIII No. 2190 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JANUARY 10 1942

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES

DE RESZKE —of course!

By Appointment

At every meal you use salt, why not have the best

Cerebos Salt

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

GAYMER'S CYDER

SHIPPED TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

Stockists on application

WM. GAYMER & SON, LTD., ATTLEBOROUGH, NORFOLK, ENG.

LAGONDA

destined to provide the measure of excellence by which the world's finest cars are judged

LAGONDA MOTORS LIMITED STAINES MIDDLESEX ENGLAND

For sweet breath & pearly Teeth

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

KING SIX CIGARS 8d each

MADE BY J. R. FREEMAN & SON, LTD. · MAKERS OF FINE CIGARS SINCE 1839

THE ARISTOCRAT OF LIQUEURS

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

When you are dining out ask for Drambuie. You will enjoy its exquisite flavour and intriguing bouquet.

Always ask for Bass TRADE MARK

Stop that COLD *with* VAPEX

V193

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.

All classes of insurance transacted

MOTOR POLICIES

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Office : Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Smoke

GREYS

CIGARETTES

Just honest-to-goodness tobacco—that's what has given them their wonderful name

20 for **1/6** + **10** for **9D** *Plain (Green Label) or Cork Tipped (Red Label)*

THE GREYS MADE HISTORY

*

1678

The Grey Dragoons (and they wore grey then) were recruited in the Scottish Lowlands to serve King Charles II. With firelock, sword, dirk and pistols they fought the Covenanters and put down Argyll's rising. In 1694 they first went overseas, to Flanders.

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD.

Volume CLXVIII No. 2190

The SPHERE, London, January 10, 1942

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 10, 1942

GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE RUSSIANS ON THE KALININ FRONT : THESE MEN, TAKEN IN THE VILLAGE OF N——, MIGHT WELL BE THE GROUP SEEN BY MR. ANTHONY EDEN DURING HIS VISIT TO THE FIGHTING LINE AND DESCRIBED BY HIM IN HIS RADIO SPEECH

Last Sunday night, during the course of his broadcast speech, Mr. Anthony Eden described his visit to Russia and his journey to the fighting front. One of the most telling of his passages was his description of the plight of the German Army in the winter snows : he related how, on his way back from Klin, he saw a small group of German prisoners captured the day before. From his description it might well have been the group shown above ! "They were very young," he said, "not much more than boys, although three of them were N.C.O.s, ill-clad and suffering bitterly from the cold. I had a look at their clothing. . . . Their overcoats were thinner and lighter than the Service overcoat worn by British troops in this country. The tunics, too, were thin and of poor material. . . . They had no gloves and only thin cardigans, and they kept trying to pull the sleeves down over their frozen fingers. I asked them whether their clothing was typical of that issued to the German Army on the Russian front. They said that it was." . . . And the *real* severity of the Russian winter has not yet developed ! No wonder that Dr. Goebbels is doing his utmost to persuade the German people to come forward with anything to ward off the bitter, paralysing cold. (*Further pictures on pp.* 36-37)

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 123

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Expectations of 1942.

—Not the public only, but the combined councils of the Allied Powers planning the major strategy of the war in 1942 and beyond, await with anxiety a detailed and tabulated balance sheet showing the credit and debit side of the achievements and reverses which culminated at the end of 1941. Such details are naturally slow in coming in. In Russia and in Libya, the victors are only beginning to count the spoils, and the costs. In the nature of the fighting on each wide and confused front, exact estimates are very difficult to assess. As for the debit side, our reverses in the Pacific are easier to tabulate than to estimate in their true value and right proportion on the long view. For we have no idea when counter-measures to check the impetus and immunity of Japanese aggression can be expected. But it is reasonable to claim that tabulated estimates, far more detailed than are at present available, both on the credit and debit side, are vitally necessary to any full and constructive planning of the combined operations and defence measures of 1942. A vital point is the estimated value of the Germany Army machine in April 1942. That estimate can only be based on up-to-date and exact figures of losses inflicted in men and material in Russia and Libya, with reasoned inferences as to the probable wastage from sickness during the winter campaigns, and as to the loss of morale and discipline in the Nazi efforts to slow up retreat or to hold an immense front under appalling conditions this winter. The public is unlikely to learn a half of what it is necessary for the Allied "Powers that be" to know and base their plans on, but even the public may reasonable bank on knowing quite soon a great deal more than it knows to-day. Vital decisions hang on these estimates. War strategy is nothing but a shrewd appraisement of chances worth risking and odds worth backing. On the estimates of the winter and spring capacity of Hitler's battered armies must be based our considered opinion of the prospects of an invasion of Britain, or of a new assault this winter or next spring in the Mediterranean or Near Eastern zones. On those presumptions rest decisions for moving Allied troops for offensive or counter-offensive operations of our own.

Australia and U.S.A.—

During the months which preceded the present war I recollect having commented on a series of articles in the Press which discussed Australia's growing desire for greater co-operation with the U.S.A. One very promising Australian statesman, at least, gave up politics in the Commonwealth in order to devote himself to that aim. At that time the attitude of America to a new World War and her policy *vis-à-vis* Europe in the peace that would one day follow that new war were matters of speculation. Her attitude in war is now made known, her policy after this war is very much more clearly defined. But even then, when these high matters were obscure, Australian opinion, or a section of it, had conceived that, not only economically, but strategically, the welfare of Australia depended quite as much on closer understanding with America as upon the maintenance of the closest ties with Britain and the Empire. Whether or no those clearly expressed opinions in Australia gave cause for jealousy to narrower minds in Britain I do not know. The extension of the war to the Pacific has swiftly and strongly justified the policy which was then developing. The immunity of Japan in the first stages of her campaign of aggression, the growing danger to Australia and the grievous time-lag in the reinforcement of the Allies on the sea and in the air in the Far Eastern zone have profoundly shocked Australians. It is first of all to America that Australia must look for the forces necessary to curb and counter Japanese aggression on the northern seaboard of Australia, and that aid is now urgently and anxiously looked for, as day by day strategic positions for an ever-wider assault on the rich possessions and on the vital communications of the Allies in the Pacific fall into enemy hands.

THE WAR IN THE FACTORIES—Bombs and yet more bombs for Germany: A new picture from a British munition-factory—only one of many devoted to the production of such things! These are the cases for 500-lb. bombs for the R.A.F. for disposal during their nightly raids over Germany and German-occupied territories. The mass casting of these damaging projectiles has now been brought to a very fine pitch

An Empire Enlarged.—

That Australian opinion should have been shocked, and that some bitterness should have been expressed, over our unreadiness to counter the probable intervention by Japan, is human nature and understandable. Mr. Churchill put the position in right perspective when he addressed the Senate and Congress in Washington, and urged all the Allies to see the war as a whole and not as a series of isolated and individual campaigns. Threatened with sudden and fearful danger, an individual or a nation may be slow to accept the larger, and to reject the looming, personal view. The eyes of Australia wait upon America. The great resources of America will surely be equal to the call. No unit of the British Empire has proved more loyal and more strong and ready in the defence of Empire than has Australia, and if hereafter Australia leans more and more to closer co-operation and alignment with the U.S.A., such policy implies to-day no weakening of her ties with the Empire. For in the third year of war we have learned one mighty truth. Henceforward the Empire, or our conception of it as an instrument of defence against aggression, of the preservation of freedom and civilisation, has assumed a new meaning and character. It has been enlarged by the recruitment of a new and mighty, free and independent partner. Henceforth this defence and this preservation are the trust, not of the British Empire, but of the English-speaking democracies.

The Inward Call.—

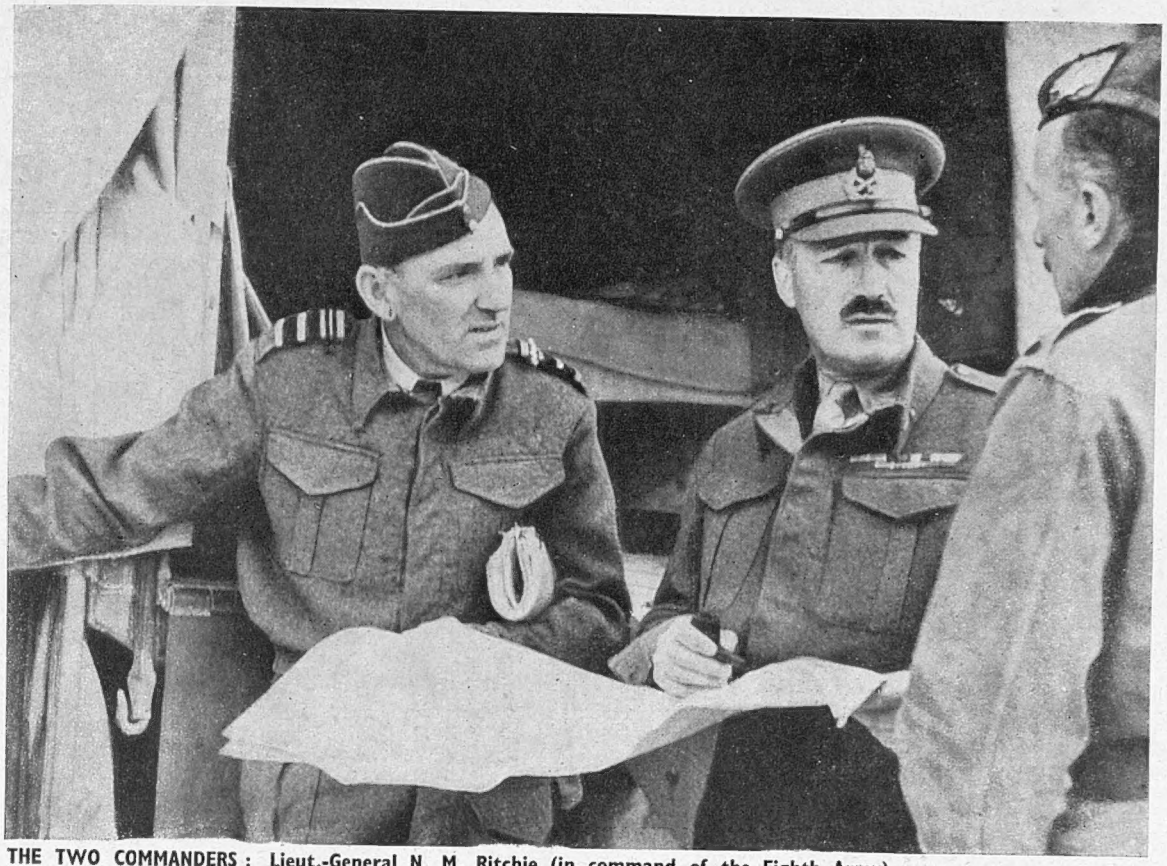
Napoleon had the "little corporal" label thrust upon him by his soldiers, for he had a way with him, and knew how to appeal to his "old grumblers." But Hitler wrote out his "little corporal" label and tied it round his neck with his own hands. I believe that no other nation or Army but the German would endure from their leader in the present juncture of their affairs that sickening reiteration of the "little corporal" motif: "I know war. . . . I was wounded twice and was even threatened with blindness." Anybody but a German would cynically, if silently, comment: "You may have exaggerated your wounds; you have underestimated the threat of blindness." We may enter 1942 in the certain knowledge that Nazi-ism has had a severe jolt inside Germany, that the German Army has lost a part of its panache (to use a noble word for a vile subject) and self-confidence, and that the Higher Command has received a sickening proof of the ingratitude and treachery of its political chiefs. But we must go no further in optimism. The German race has no sense of humour, no sense of proportion and no sense of justice, and the German Army is but the nation, drilled and dragooned to the *n*th degree. Hitler will surely achieve a great deal of reconditioning before spring, and his fighting machine will be in trim again when the cold weather goes, if not before. As for the nation, if the starved, diseased, tortured races under Hitler's heel can "carry on" as they are doing, we have not the faintest grounds for hoping that the Germans, who have the pickings of most of Europe, need crack. But the Nazi façade has had a very severe jolt and the void behind it can be dimly seen through cracks in the cardboard, by its own supporters. And that is a cheerful thought to carry with us into 1942.

Germany Grows Sick of War.—

The public sees not a tithe of the evidence which trickles in concerning the internal state and mentality of Germany in the third year of war. Yet any one of us who reads the shortest verbatim reports of speeches or broadcasts or writings by Germans in Germany, or observes small pointers or hints contained in short paragraphs in our Press, has evidence enough, clear and utterly convincing, that already a very significant and (ultimately) inevitable change of heart has taken place. A bitter nostalgia for order, peace, decency and reconstruction is spreading among the war-worn, disappointed gamblers in human lives who enslaved their souls to the Nazi tyranny in the sure hope of rich gains. The evidence is startling and convincing now. For not only are opinions once hateful to the Nazis being widely expressed, but obviously the Nazi control over such expressions is loosening. Of the evidence recently available, none was more important than the Führer's own despondent, modest and anxious prophecies for 1942. The big bassoon blew a treble, quavering pipe, far more startling than his loudest blasts. Turn back the pages of history and recall how exactly the same phenomenon was observed when the German attack of March 1918 had stopped short before Amiens and Germans knew that all hope of victory was over. From that day forward, even the German Army began to observe the rules of decency in warfare (note: they put but one shell—and that by error—into the sitting target of Amiens Cathedral, and began to praise the courage and efficiency of the Allied Armies). Reinforce this evidence by that remarkable recent broadcast in Berlin by a *Luftwaffe* spokesman. It showed unmistakably that in that chief of all Hitler's instruments of terror and destruction there has grown up a loathing for the "senselessness" of indiscriminate bombing and mere blood-lust and destruction-lust. The speaker praised the splendid courage of the Cockney. "Where will it all lead? . . . the outlook is hopelessly muddled. . . . One nation after another is blundering into this mess. . . . The cry of 'never again' will be heard after this war, but this time it will not be forgotten so easily. . . . Let us not forget this call for which all of us must be striving. Peace on earth and good will towards men." If any reader thinks that I quote this extract as proof that the German people have regained their souls and redeemed their crimes and are now fit to co-operate with civilisation in the rebuilding of a new world, he is as far from the bull as a bad marksman can be. I quote this evidence (and have taken note of a score of other pointers) to prove that History is repeating itself. I know (as well as Lord Vansittart) how History repeats itself, *vis-à-vis* the German mentality. But these straws in the wind are immensely heartening, none the less, for they all blow in the same direction.

THE OLD STAGER

MORE PICTURES FROM LIBYA



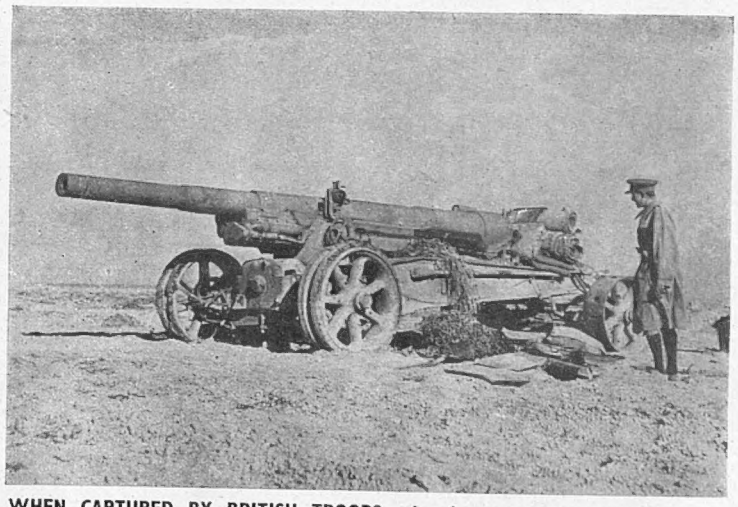
THE TWO COMMANDERS: Lieut.-General N. M. Ritchie (in command of the Eighth Army) and Air Vice-Marshal Coningham (A.O.C. Air Forces in the Western Desert—on left) studying the map at their Desert Headquarters

A POLISH PILOT OF THE R.A.F., now in the Western Desert: he flies a Hurricane bomber and is forty years of age! Recently he scored three direct hits on an Axis transport column

MEMBERS OF THE CRACK GERMAN "AFRIKA CORPS" being searched by one of their captors, a member of the New Zealand forces serving with the Eighth Army in Libya

THE ROAD FROM BARDIA TO TOBRUK IS NOW FULLY OPEN: A British column is here seen proceeding along this great desert highway

A GERMAN PETROL DUMP CAPTURED BETWEEN BARDIA AND TOBRUK: There were hundreds of petrol cans full of this precious fuel: all were loaded on to British trucks and subsequently used for our own purposes



WHEN CAPTURED BY BRITISH TROOPS, the famous enemy gun "Bardia Bill" was found all packed and ready to move off. The crew, however, were apparently unable to shift it fast enough! It is a gun of 155-mm. calibre, and was found to be intact

The remainder of General Rommel's once-formidable Army in Libya were cornered by the advancing British and Imperial troops at Agedabia, south of Benghazi. Referring to this "important battle" in his address to the Canadian Senate and Commons at Ottawa, Mr. Churchill declared that "when our men have equal weapons in their hands and proper support from the air they are more than a match for the Nazi hordes." The present situation in North Africa demonstrates the truth of this!

First Pictures of the RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

Showing How the Germans have been Compelled to Abandon War Material in their Hasty Retreat in the Kalinin Area

The pictures reproduced on these pages have just been received in London : they are the first to illustrate scenes during the German retreat in front of Moscow. The haste of this retreat on the Klin-Kalinin front is demonstrated by the abandoned war material which litters all the Russian roads in this region

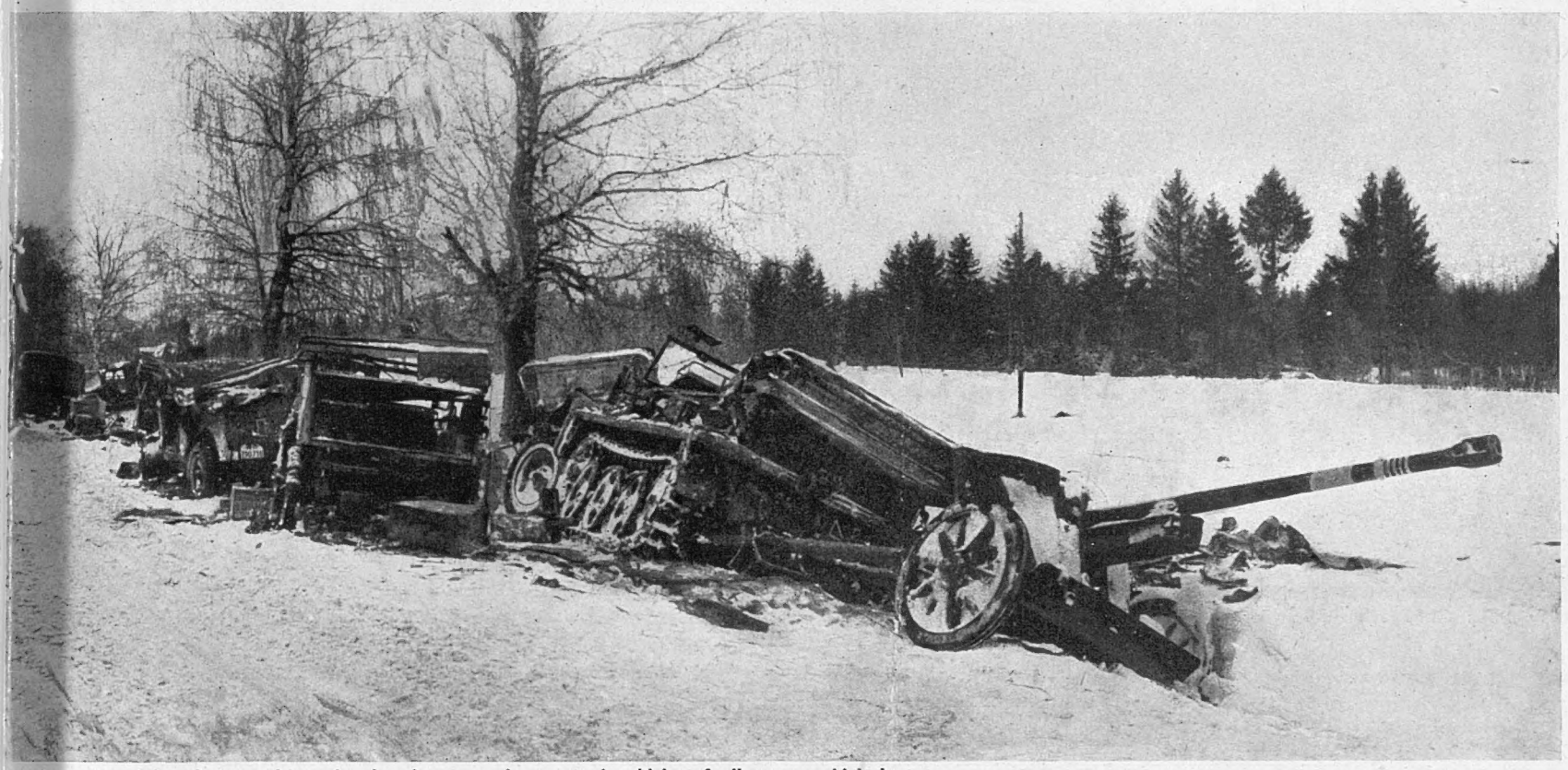
TROOPS OF THE RED ARMY IN THE NORTHERN SECTOR OF THE FRONT : Under the command of Captain Maslov, they are seen advancing from a settlement recently freed from the German occupation. Note how well-clad these Soviet troops are, and how the deep snow does not hamper their orderly march forward

A WONDERFUL PICTURE FROM KLIN WHICH SHOWS THAT THE SCENES OF 1812 ARE BEING RE-ENACTED ON THE SNOW-COVERED ROADS OF RUSSIA TO-DAY : Along th been overturned in the ditches on both sides of the highway to allow swifter passage for the retreating infantry. The destruction of this material, so badl

MR. ANTHONY EDEN IN MOSCOW : On the right are M. Molotov, Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and M. Maisky, Russian Ambassador to Britain. Russian and British flags flew side-by-side at the railway station in Moscow

GENERAL SIKORSKI IN RUSSIA, being welcomed by M. Molotov on his arrival by air. Thus the long feud between Russia and Poland was brought to an end. A Polish Legion is now fighting on the Eastern Front

A SCENE IN THE IMPORTANT CITY OF KALININ JUST AFTER THE RUSSIANS HAD RECAPTURED IT: The burning houses had been fired by the retreating Germans—the former occupants stand by helplessly watching over what scraps of furniture they had managed to save. Such needless destruction as this has contributed to the Russian determination to "exterminate" the invaders rather than to take them prisoner

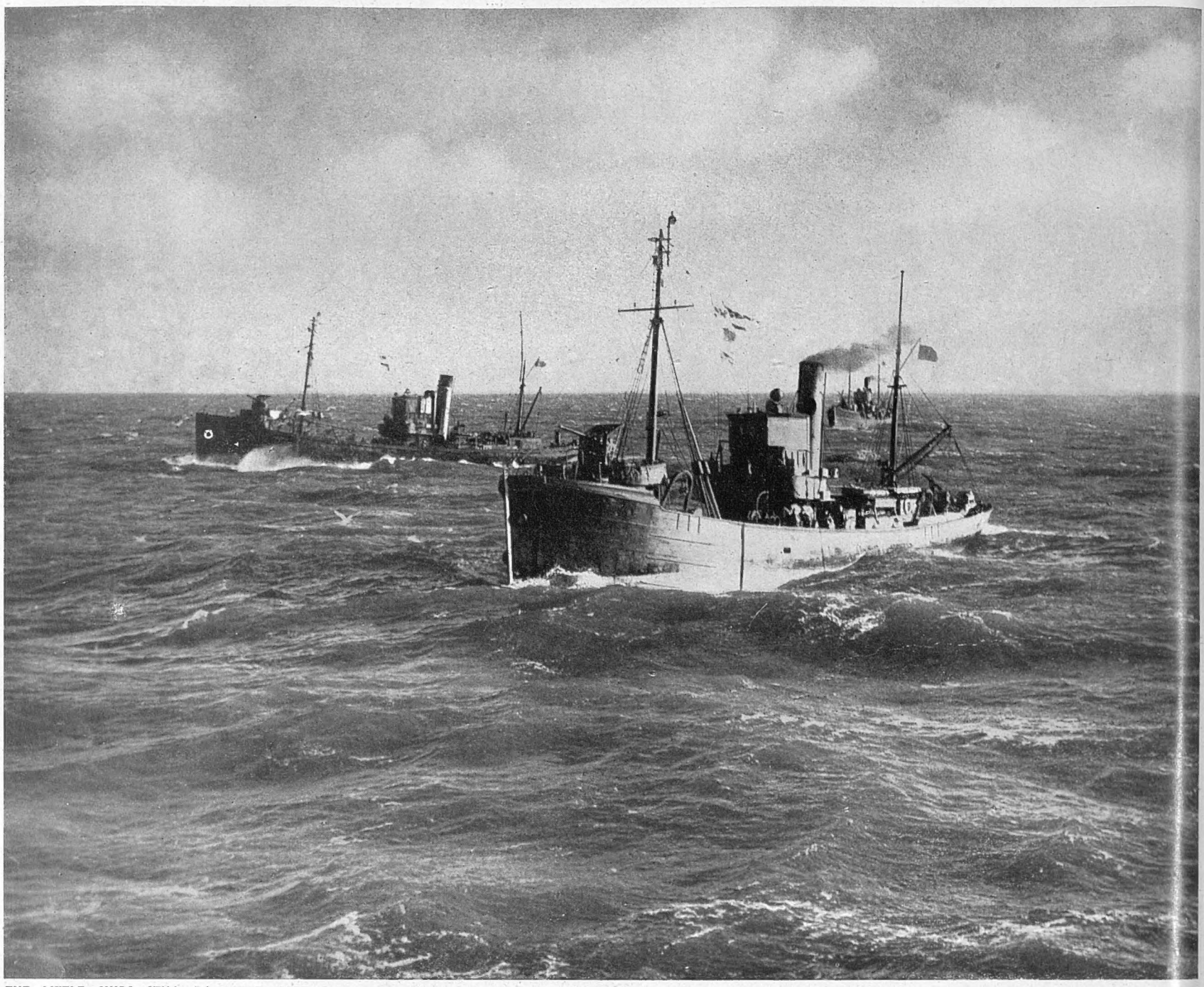


oad the retreating Germans have abandoned guns and armoured vehicles of all types, which have needed for German blitzkrieg warfare, is evidence of the precipitate nature of the retreat

THE COMMANDER OF A SOVIET ARTILLERY UNIT on the Leningrad front which silenced six batteries of German guns which had been harassing the Soviet lines. Major Laptev is here chatting with his men after the successful action. Note the sturdiness and vigour of these Soviet warriors!

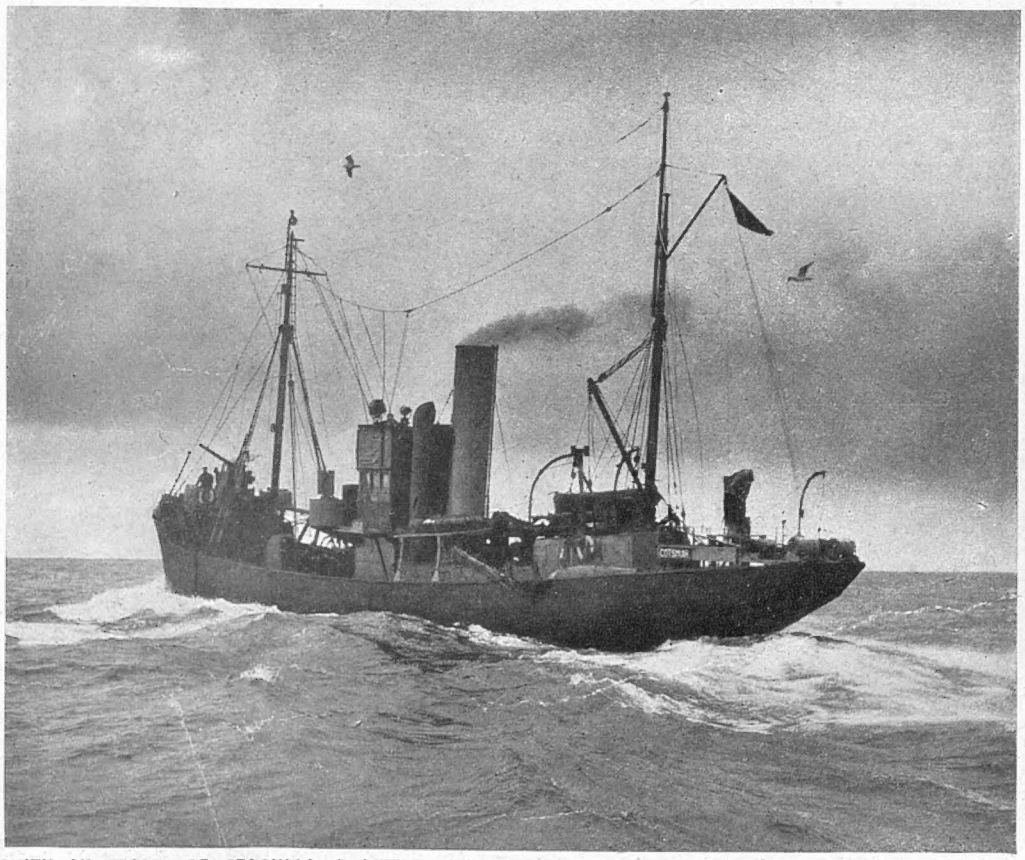
A BRITISH R.A.F. OFFICER, with Captain Andrushkin of the Soviet Air Force, at an observation-post on an airfield. Behind are British R.A.F. men on guard

"A HARDY ISLAND RACE": The Seafarers of Britain



THE LITTLE SHIPS STILL DO THEIR PART: A group of sturdy minesweepers set out on their never-ending task of keeping the channels clear for Britain's food and munitions. Despite the wintry conditions now prevailing, these trawlers and their hardy crews are never found wanting

Although there is, at the moment, a lull in the Air Battle for Britain, the little ships of this country are still carrying on their work, maintaining their vigil around our shores, sweeping the channels and sea lanes clear of mines, and enabling food and supplies to be brought safely into port. The pictures on these pages were taken recently with a minesweeping flotilla in the North Sea, as the intrepid crews carried on with their job in the wintry weather and high seas



WITH AN ESCORT OF SEAGULLS, A LITTLE SHIP SETS OFF on another round of minesweeping along the sea lanes around Britain. Their crews, for the most part, are the men who manned our fishing fleets in the far-off days of Peace

THE SKIPPER (LEFT) WITH AN OFFICER on the bridge of a sweeper as they leave port for another spell. These are the men who live face to face with Danger

THE WOMEN OF NEWBIGGIN-BY-THE-SEA, ON THE STORMY NORTHUMBERLAND COAST: where mothers and grandmothers help in the work of the lifeboatmen and the fishermen. The women are hauling the Newbiggin lifeboat up the slipway to the shed

THE WOMEN OF NEWBIGGIN WADE INTO THE SEA with a wheeled undercarriage to the fishing cobles which are waiting to be hauled up on to the beach

There is no other place along all the stormy Northumberland coastline quite like Newbiggin-by-the-Sea. It has no breakwater—natural or otherwise—for protection; no harbour where fishing-boats might ride in safety, and when bad weather comes it would be hard to find a wilder spot. And, for these reasons, Newbiggin breeds women who must be among the stoutest and toughest in England. No man can go fishing from there without a wife: for his partner must work hard from dawn to dusk, carry loads to make strong men weep, and wade up to the armpits in a winter sea to launch her husband's coble.

For generations the women of Newbiggin have launched these fishing-boats; and when the gun is fired from the coastguard's cabin high up on the cliff, they also have to haul the lifeboat and its crew across the beach on their way to save lives.

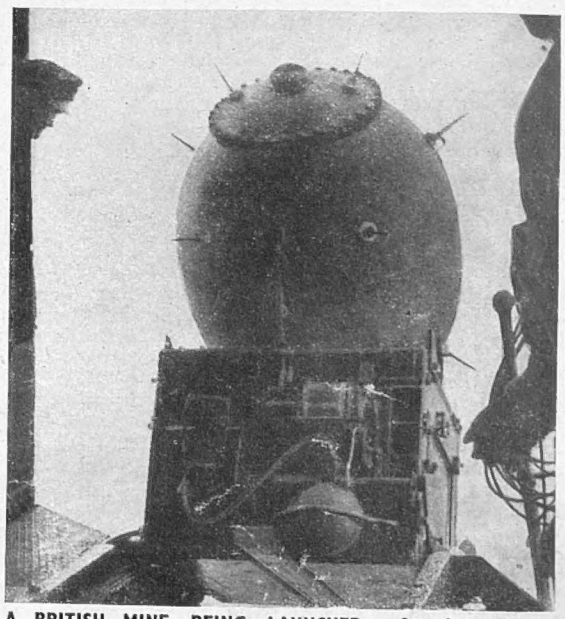
There are women of all ages on the ropes—white-haired grandmothers, some of them, or middle-aged women lifting the bows of the boat on bowed shoulders, and young girls who will willingly wade in up to the neck in a stormy sea if needs must.

The difficulties of launching have evolved a special type of fishing-boat—the coble, which can be hauled on a wheeled undercarriage across the beach.

Mothers and daughters, women from sixteen to sixty, will readily wade far out into the water to haul in a coble and tip its end far on to the centre beam of the undercarriage.

OFFICER AND CHIEF PETTY OFFICER remove the "primer" from an enemy mine, thus making it safe for subsequent disposal. This is a hazardous and dangerous task

RENDERING A DRIFTING MINE SAFE: Moored mines sometimes break adrift, especially in bad weather. International Law prohibits the laying of mines which are not moored, but Axis methods do not always accord with rules! It has been Britain's practice to secure all drifting mines, tow them in, and render them safe



A BRITISH MINE BEING LAUNCHED: Starting on its journey down the "slipway" of a minelayer

HITLER'S SPECTACULAR FIELD FOR HUNCHES

A Consideration of Some of the Adventures on which the German People may be Embarked under the Guidance of their Leader's Remarkable "Intuitions"

By FERDINAND TUOHY

HITLER'S intuitions have no doubt by now decided him where to strike next and to treat them as worthless or just comical, as has been done, is first cousin to more underrating of the enemy, which has gone quite far enough already. Intuition, political or military, carried Hitler a good way before the Russians beat his last hunch, and the U.S.S.R. had to go all out to do so.

A more profitable way might to be picture Hitler as having been balked by his generals in the past when he wanted to do this or that, and of a consequent intention to give more rein to his own ideas in the future. Such resolve could have been as much precipitated by the opening Japanese walk-over at the expense of the Anglo-Americans, as by the outcome of the 1941 Russian campaign. We do not know. But to pooh-pooh Hitler and his hunches seems to be just stupid.

Rather have we entered a period when our first line of defence could well be designated as the Intelligence branch, the signs being that Hitler's hunches are prompting him to lash out at Britain and her Imperial Chain. Only those right on the inside are in a position to judge the efficacy of Intelligence work, since this branch has no executive say in the use, or non-use, of the information it collects. The hope is that good luck will attend its efforts in coming months.

One need be neither astrologer nor "world strategist" to confine Hitler's forthcoming acts within certain limits: his very spreading over Europe, coupled with the weather factor, makes this reasonable. It will be surprising if he tries to regain the initiative between Murmansk and the Sea of Azov before the bog of springtime vanishes with early May. Nor does it seem likely, in view of the S O S for "shorts" and for single gloves, that he will seek anywhere additional that happens to be cold, such as the Caucasus in winter and even the Anatolian Plain.

For aught we know, past hunches regarding an invasion of Britain may have been frowned upon by now dismissed generals, and a midwinter stroke, say, on a quiet Sunday morning, may be part of current intuition. The big Japanese landings in the monsoon period, one against a gale, will have impressed others besides Hitler. If Britain should, none the less, be deemed too tough a proposition (and the effect of failure on a large scale liable to be too serious), a substitute Hitler hunch may be for the grand punishing raid, a super-commando business repeated in likely areas.

April and May have been our bad months in this war. In 1940 they produced the Norwegian flop and the bustling of the B.E.F. from Louvain back to Dunkirk. In 1941 they enclosed the Benghazi collapse, the Greek evacuation and Crete. Three months more, and we shall have entered another April-May period which is clearly a time attractive to Hitler for blows against domestic Britain—with Russian weather not yet ready and Mediterranean weather on the verge of summer heat.

Now is the Mediterranean campaigning season, and circumstances point to more imminent action by Hitler between Egypt and Gibraltar and from Lisbon to Dakar. Japan's success against our Empire lines of communication in a crucial quarter plainly summons Hitler to attempted emulation by redoubled assault on our Mediterranean hold and on our Imperial link via the Cape. After Penang, Hong Kong, Guam, Wake, and the threats to Manila, Singapore and Hawaii, how the word "bases" must be twirling in Hitler's brain! The urge is clear to reach out towards Japan's sea power.

Mr. Earle, late U.S. Minister at Sofia, says that Hitler will strike for "the easiest and most spectacular victories." It so happens that the easiest path he has at present before him—the triangle Malta-Tripoli-Bizerta—is also indicated because he needs to redress the Russian picture in the eyes of Franco and Darlan. The comparative ease with which the Japanese have taken powerful bases can only have incited Hitler to break with Italian futilities and make a real bid for Malta, the capture of which would be a hard blow to Admiral Cunningham, Hitler's enemy-in-chief in the Mediterranean. Hitler wants to do more than shut Cunningham in this sea; he wants to deplete his Fleet gravely; if possible, to liquidate it.

Gallant Malta will every hour remember its airfields and remember Maleme, which lay the same distance from German air bases on Morea as Valetta lies from Syracuse. Malta will also remember that Hitler has scarcely used air-borne troops since Crete. Malta is not Hong Kong or Penang; the enemy has got as close by land as ever he can come; in that, and long experience of the front line, lies Malta's strength.

Hitler's intention to hold the armed camp of Tripoli is shown by the dispatch thither of big Tunisian food stocks, and by the arrival of a proportion of convoys. As the one way of keeping Italy in the fight, he cannot afford to risk our staging a second "Syria" in Tunisia, which he knows would be fully justified in view of the way Vichy always helps our enemies, devastatingly so in the case of Indo-China. Nazi arms and reinforcements may already be sliding down Tunisian waters, and even sneaking into Tunisian ports under the Darlan umbrella. If we are wise we shall continue to expect nothing—and everything—from Vichy.

The best chance Hitler has of securing use of the great Bizerta base is for him to block us in Tripoli, make a successful stand there, while also capturing Malta. Vichy would then be more than usually passive.

Axis forces, especially the *Luftwaffe*, are reported assembling in Sicily, Southern Italy, the Peloponnesus, Crete and the Dodecanese. Part of this massing has to do with the Malta-Tripoli-Bizerta triangle. More of it could quite well concern Egypt. The severe blows Hitler has taken will make this gambler stake only the more boldly, and the ideal place to strike in war is where one's opponent deems it least likely. Now, with Cyrenaica and Syria lost, to strike at the base, the nerve-centre and junction of our Eighth and Ninth Armies, at the Suez Canal, which outrivals even Singapore, would be a real Hitler plunge.

Again, Colonel Knox has said that fifth-column work at Hawaii outdid Norway, and there are still 70,000 Italians at large in Egypt and any number of Axis partisans. The internal position is not all it should be, Britain being in the same breath accused of impoverishing the producers, robbing the fellah of his daily bread and causing a shortage by buying up the country's produce.

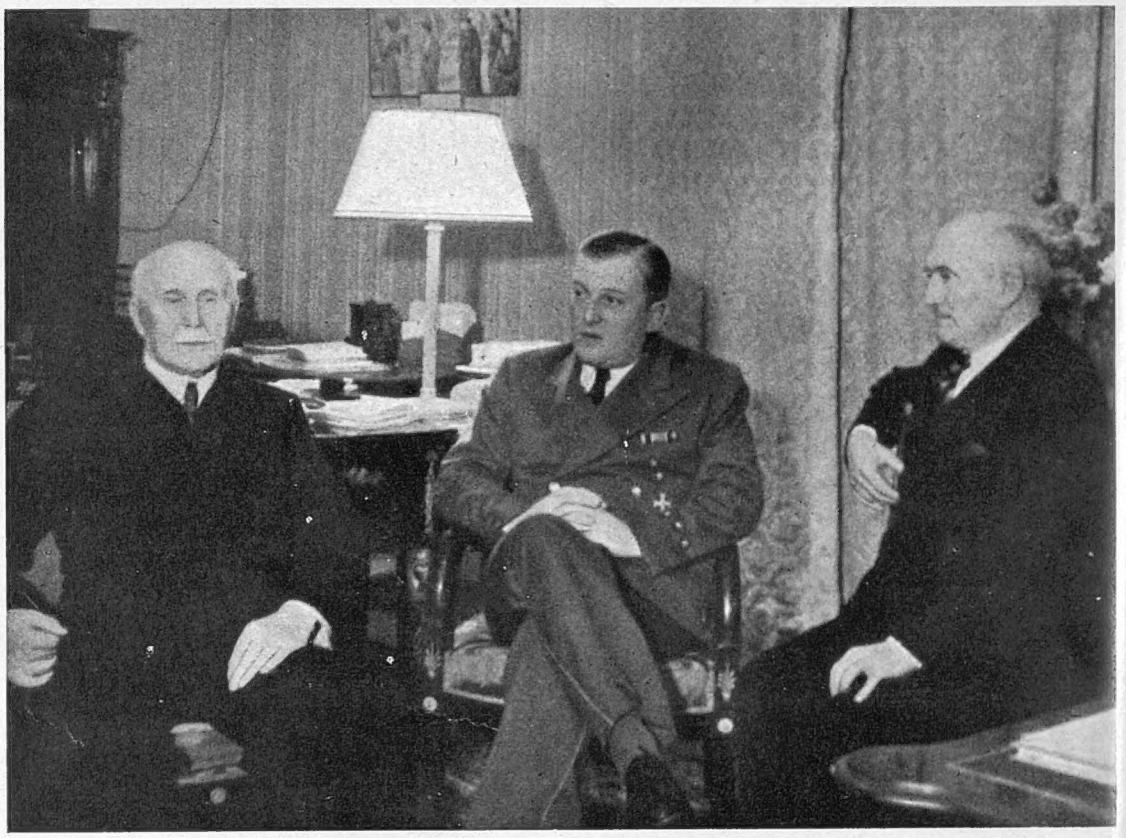
Do not let us be too sure of Egypt even now. Part of a drive towards it might take in Cyprus, big to defend and having vulnerable airfields. Another avenue of approach could be through Western Turkey, a burglar's entry for which Hitler could command the aid of Balkan vassals. Turkey always makes one pause. Russian recovery, lease-and-lend from an America in the war, Libya, British armies in Syria and Iraq, finally the cold, are factors calculated to make the Turks resist if they have a mind ever to do so. Still. . .

A remark made by Hitler himself next takes us to the western end of the Mediterranean. He conveys that, while he has an impregnable line from Kirkenes to the Spanish frontier, this must be extended down the Atlantic coasts of Spain, Portugal and Africa, if the Anglo-American influence is to be effectively barred from the Continent.

Whether or not he could take Lisbon "by telephone," we should be under no illusion on one score: the Salazar dictatorship will find difficulty in being attracted to the party fighting alongside Russia. No regime has shown greater antipathy to the U.S.S.R., even to a pre-war law which forbade Soviet nationals to set foot on Portuguese soil. And what about the Azores, Madeira and Cape Verde?

Hitler cannot start even neutralising Gibraltar without connivance by Fascist Spain, so it is to be hoped that our watch will be more fruitful than was the case with Thailand. Franco has the option of saying "no" to Hitler, of not meaning it, and of allowing Germans to tackle the Rock, and of participating himself. He has two armies on a war footing, one in Andalusia and the other in Spanish Morocco, and he may be convinced (like Japan was) that his hour has struck to bid for Gibraltar and for wider dominion in North Africa eventually at France's expense. General Odic, late Vichy air chief in North Africa, now in London, has told how weak are local French land and air resources.

Perhaps fortunately, airfields play no part in Gibraltar's defence. But Hong Kong has reaffirmed that a powerful land force able to approach quite close to a naval fortress can render this useless as an anchorage for warships, in this case Admiral Somerville's Squadron which, with no other base nearer than menaced Malta a thousand miles east, would become a special prey to U-boats and to torpedo-carrying planes.



THE GUARDIANS OF FRANCE'S "HONOUR" MEET HITLER'S REPRESENTATIVE AT VICHY

Otto Abetz was once ejected from Paris by a French Prime Minister: after the collapse of that country he returned in triumph—as Hitler's representative in Unoccupied France. To-day, he calls the tune, and Vichy has to obey. This picture was taken during the visit of Abetz to Vichy recently: Marshal Pétain and Admiral Jean Darlan were received by him and presumably given a further instalment of instructions concerning what "collaboration" implies for humiliated France

One further point concerning the chances of a Nazi descent on the Rock. We hear that the starving, sullen Spanish masses and the bad state of communications militate against an expedition crossing from "unoccupied" Hendaye. But the German forces would not need to be numerous if the objective were to neutralise Gibraltar.

Finally, Hitler's intuitions may take him down to Dakar, which is much of a hand-picked French Fascist nest so far as its white garrison is concerned. Part of this garrison might yet harken to an American approach, but not to other foreigners. Unless they should be Germans.

The trans-Saharan railway from Marrakesh to Dakar is being pushed ahead, thanks to joint Franco-German action, and this alone shows the interest Berlin takes in Dakar. It has also been releasing Senegalese prisoners and sending them home. The surest route, also for war supplies, is down the Spanish coast to Carthagena, across by night to Oran, thence by rail to Casablanca and Marrakesh, and onwards by many hundred miles of desert track to Dakar. Vichy announced the opening of this lorry route last summer.

Established at Dakar, Hitler would complete in his mind's eye that defensive line against the Anglo-Americans; he could lash at our convoys sustaining the fight against Japan and bringing raw materials to Britain; and dangle his presence over South America, a bare 1,600 miles away.

Speculation is not popular, yet one does feel that more attention to some of the above possible "intuitions" and less deriding of Hitler's hunches is the sounder way at this quite tricky juncture.

BRITISH REINFORCEMENTS APPROACHING VAAGSO ISLAND IN THEIR "INVASION BARGES" under fire from coast-defence batteries manned by Germans: these batteries were silenced by bombardment from the warships and by bombing by Hampden aircraft

ON COMMANDO

Sea, Land and Air Forces Combine in Raiding German Bases in Norway

—Official Pictures Taken During the Operations

VAAGSO is a small island off the Norwegian coast some 150 miles from Christiansund: it has a population of about 1,250. Maaloy is another island at the entrance to the Nord Fjord adjoining Vaagso: this is a fishing centre where work is believed to have been taking place under German control.

On Saturday, December 27, both these places were raided by British forces. In the result, German coast defences were silenced by British warships and bombers, and "Commandos" were landed under cover of smoke-screens. Norwegian troops also took part in the operation, which resulted in the destruction of 15,650 tons of enemy shipping, in addition to munition dumps, oil tanks, military storehouses and a radio station.

The landing on Maaloy Island was led by Norwegian troops. Not one German escaped from that island, and at least thirty or forty were killed.

(Continued on following page)

CO-OPERATION BY THE R.A.F.: Blenheim aircraft of Bomber Command attacking the aerodrome at Herdla, the nearest enemy aerodrome, 100 miles down the coast, to prevent interference from the air with our land operations at Vaagso and Maaloy

One of the tasks detailed for the R.A.F. in the combined raid on Vaagso was the attack on the aerodrome at Herdla, to prevent enemy aircraft from assisting the two German garrisons which were being attacked 100 miles to the north. The assault on Herdla was carried out by Blenheim aircraft of Bomber Command: the pilots flew in as low as 50 ft., using delayed-action bombs, their principal object being to destroy the wooden runways and thus prevent enemy fighters from taking-off to bomb our ships and men. One of the pilots said afterwards: "At one moment it seemed that the whole length of one runway was broken by pillars of smoke." The picture above shows the aerodrome during the attack; it was taken from one of the Blenheims, the tail-wheel of which is just seen at the top. It shows the low level from which the attack was pressed home

ON COMMANDO IN NORWAY *(continued)*

FIRES AND EXPLOSIONS AT VAAGSO AND MAALOY DURING THE DEMOLITIONS CARRIED OUT ON BOTH ISLANDS : All the gun-emplacements were destroyed, and the factories and buildings which had been helping in the German war effort were blown sky-high. At the end, "a pall of smoke hung over the fiord, blotting out the sun. . . ."

IN THE MAIN STREET OF VAAGSO : British troops mop up after the street fighting—it was here that they attacked and captured the German headquarters on the island. The Germans put up a stiff resistance, fighting from house to house, and evidently they had been specially trained in this style of warfare

(Continued from previous page)

Our Commandos went about systematically demolishing all military objectives. They blew up two ammunition dumps and a supply store. At South Vaagso, Commandos landed in the face of opposition, and found that the German garrison was composed of a very good regiment, which was in first-class fighting order and put up a very stiff resistance.

Unfortunately, instead of confining their resistance to military strongholds, they started house-to-house resistance, which meant that we had to go in for street fighting. That involved us in some casualties, but they were proportionately very small.

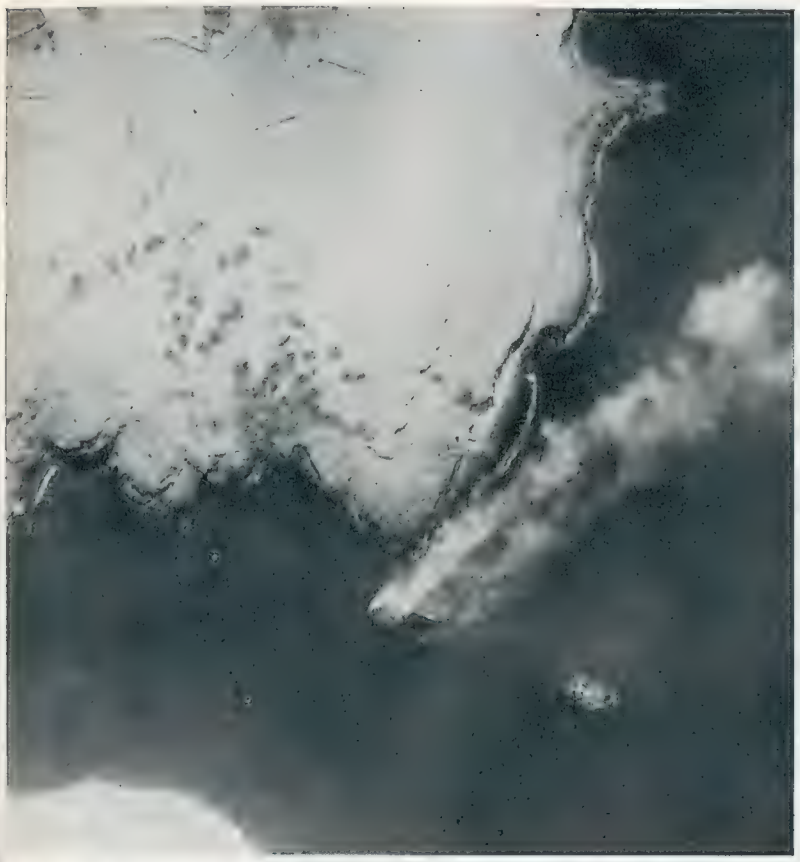
As soon as the batteries were silenced, two of our ships came up the passage and landed more troops, in order to cut off South Vaagso from reinforcements which might come from North Vaagso farther up the coast. When all tasks were completed—and no sooner—and when no Germans were left, we brought back ninety-five German prisoners—having killed another eighty in the town. We killed a minimum of 120 Germans and brought back ninety-five. There may have been just one German left, because one gun was firing just as we left.

An important part was played by the R.A.F. in the combined operation, not only in laying down smoke-screens and bombing the German heavy gun positions, but, what was even more valuable, bombing the nearest German aerodrome at Herdla and putting it out of action.

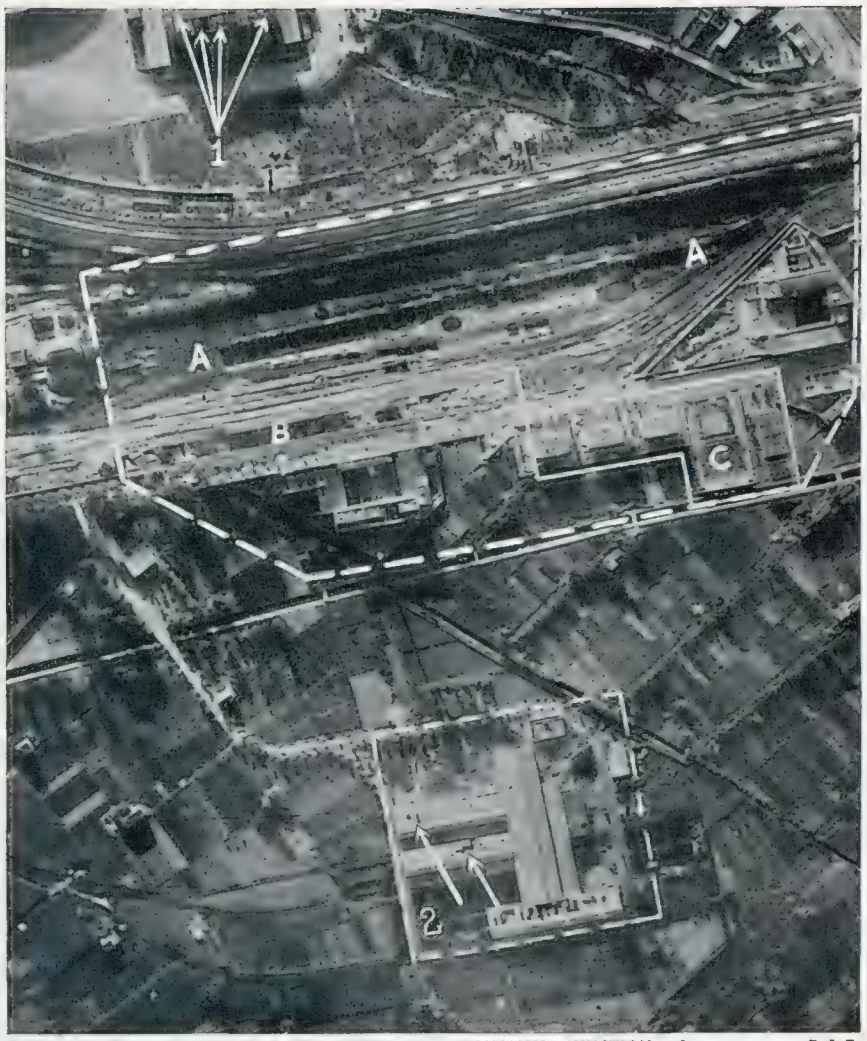
The main object of this attack was directed against enemy shipping. We succeeded in

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.



HOW THE R.A.F. CONTROL THE CENTRAL MEDITERRANEAN WATERS : This picture shows the Italian island of Lampedusa, which lies between Sicily and the African coast, and behind which convoys for Tripoli and Libya were wont to shelter. A 9,000-ton enemy merchant vessel had been attacked by Swordfish aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm, and the stricken ship was beached on the island : Blenheim aircraft were then ordered to attack her as relays of Italian schooners attempted to take off the deck cargo. Flying through a barrage of A.-A. fire from torpedo-boats and destroyers, the Blenheims soon set the vessel on fire. Here she is seen blazing merrily and partly submerged after the attack : on the left, in a nearby bay, is one of the schooners which was also sunk. Only one aircraft hit the larger ship, and her pilot has been awarded the D.F.C.



NAPLES AND ITS RAILWAY JUNCTION after recent R.A.F. raids : This air photograph of Naples shows some of the damage inflicted in recent R.A.F. bombing raids. In the large dotted area, embracing a railway siding near the Central Railway junction and adjacent buildings, the points **A-A** indicate a complete section of the track wiped out, with two large craters clearly visible midway between these points. **(B)** indicates completely demolished buildings, a vague outline of which only remains. **(C)** shows heavily-damaged administrative buildings. The points marked **1** are the offices and controller's buildings of the nearby Velodrome Race Track, damaged at the places indicated. **(2)** is a factory near the railway siding which has been heavily damaged at the points indicated by the arrows

THIS IS THE ISLAND OF CAPRI, off Naples, as our pilots see it : During their attacks on Naples and other vital objectives in Italy, our bombers have reported that they have encountered anti-aircraft fire from batteries located on this beautiful island in the Bay of Naples. Our picture was taken by a British aircraft during a recent operational flight

MALTA HAS THE STRONGEST AIR-RAID SHELTERS IN EUROPE : These have been hewn out of the easily-worked island rock and afford admirable deep shelters, equipped with sleeping bunks for the dauntless civilian population, who occupy them every night

A MALTESE CUTTING A NEW SHELTER FROM THE SOLID ROCK : Working on his own, he can cut an entrance tunnel, with a family living-room at right angles to it, in about one month !

Malta has already withstood over 1,000 air attacks ; but a powerful anti-aircraft defence and Hurricane fighters to shoot down the attackers have turned the raids into very costly failures for the Italians. To-day the island defences are stronger than ever. Thanks to the easily-worked rock formations of Malta, the entire population are now equipped with comfortable, sanitary, deep shelters. It is thanks to these that the casualties have been so comparatively light. Malta is an island of large families. Shortly after dusk the trek underground begins. The great deep shelters have proper beds, and light and water have been installed. One stretches a mile beneath the town, like a long tubular dormitory ! Until the dawn the great subterranean family remains below ground, returning to their homes for breakfast, work and school

The WAR in the FAR EAST

A Section Dealing with Burma and Malaya; with Special Reference to the Approaches to Singapore

—Illustrated with Special Sphere Diagrams and Drawings

JAPAN'S DRIVE AGAINST BURMA

The Strange Country between Chieng Mai Railhead and Rangoon

Described by DONALD COWIE

IT is now some little time since Japanese forces were first reported to be in contact with our garrisons in Burma, after having proceeded towards that country from the railhead of Chieng Mai, in Thailand—or Siam, as we can now call it, since Siamese susceptibilities need no longer be considered! By the time these words are printed it may—or may not—be seen that this move is as important as any in the Far Eastern conflict. Just glance at the accompanying map for a moment.

It will be noticed at once that Chieng Mai is an ideal jumping-off place for the chosen attack. Thanks to Siamese complaisance, the enemy has been able to bring heavy war material speedily to within 100 miles of the Burma frontier. Another 100 miles, roughly, and he is running down flat country to Rangoon, or, worse still, to Pegu, on the vital railway that carries China's supplies northwards to Mandalay, Lashio, and the beginning of the Burma Road.

If the Japanese can penetrate to Pegu or Rangoon from Chieng Mai, then they need not, for the meantime, bother about attacking the Burma Road itself. They will have struck at the all-important terminus of that route, and, ensconced in southern Burma, will take some removing. But will they be able to cover those vital 200 miles, and what sort of country will they encounter on the way?

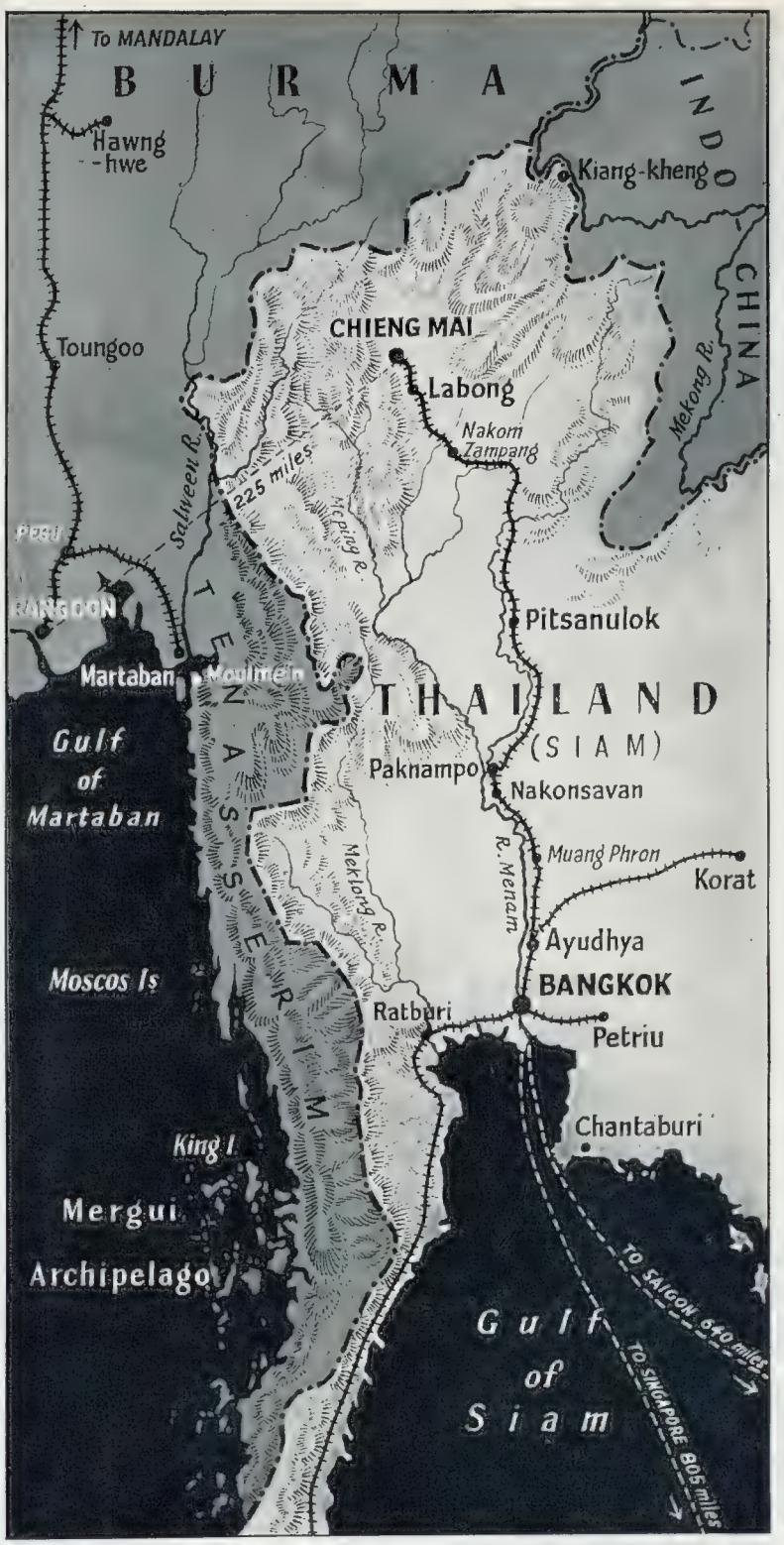
There are very few people outside Burma to-day who can answer the second part of that question. The region around and to the south-westward of the suddenly important Chieng Mai has seldom been visited by white men. Until the railway from Bangkok was built a few years ago, it was only possible to reach the present terminus by rough tracks. (Incidentally, why *was* that line constructed, when the Chieng Mai region had so little economic importance? Perhaps only the Japanese who assisted in the work can answer that.) When you got there, you found a collection of native huts among a steamy region of rugged hills and dense forests. Perhaps you might see elephants and rhinoceroses, tigers, leopards, wild boars and crocodiles. You might have the luck to interview one of the hereditary "kiaos," native princes who rule this domain of Lao, as it is called, under the Bangkok Government. You would certainly be lucky, if you stayed long, to escape an attack of dysentery, typhoid, cholera, or sunstroke that might mark you for the rest of your life.

Then you might ask the way to Burma, and they would point towards the menacing mountains of the west, *and specifically towards another rough track which, leading across to the Lower Salween Valley, reaches the sea at Martaban.*

The Salween Province, or District, of Burma is itself a mass of mountains intersected by deep ravines (caused by the rivers). But once the main River Salween itself has been crossed, a rough road follows the course of valleys out of the maze. Once the Salween has been crossed. . . .

This is at once the most unknown and the most awe-inspiring river of the world. Rising in Tibet, it carries swift Himalayan waters to cleave a truly abysmal course to the south. During the dry weather—which extends from October to April, just the right campaigning season—the fearsome bed is an alternating conglomerate of blinding white sand and tremendous boulders. In the wet season, floods often rise to the level of the lowest trees on the cliff-edges; sometimes there is a difference of as much as 100 ft. between high and low water on the Salween.

So the Japanese would be faced here with a formidable barrier? Unfortunately, no. Near the confluence of the Thung-yang, a tributary, the stream is contracted to a width of little over 100 ft., and bridge-making is further possible across the succeeding rapids. It is very probable that the Japanese have had the bridging problem, for Army transport, worked out well in advance. I had a letter from a friend in these parts a few years ago,



THE RAILWAY THROUGH SIAM, WHICH STARTS AT BANGKOK AND ENDS "NOWHERE": This is the railway which is described in detail by Mr. Cowie in his accompanying article. Its terminal point, Chieng Mai, has no commercial value, but its *strategic* importance is high. From here attacks can be carried out on the all-important Burma Road to the north, or on Rangoon, some 225 miles as the aeroplane flies. The mountain barrier which lies between Chieng Mai and Rangoon is not so impassable as the map might suggest! The Japanese, who took a large part in the construction of this curious railway, are already probably aware of this!

RANGOON, CAPITAL OF BURMA, AND A GREAT SEAPORT, which has been heavily raided by the Japanese: The size of this great city may come as a surprise to Englishmen who have never been to the East. It has a population approaching half a million, and covers a large area on one bank of the river of the same name. Rangoon ranks fourth in exports from British India and Burma, and the above view shows one of the modern sections of the city, with Rangoon River and its wharves and shipping in the background. The city has been heavily raided by Japanese aircraft and its aerodrome severely bombed

in which he spoke warningly of Japanese "tourists" and their cameras.

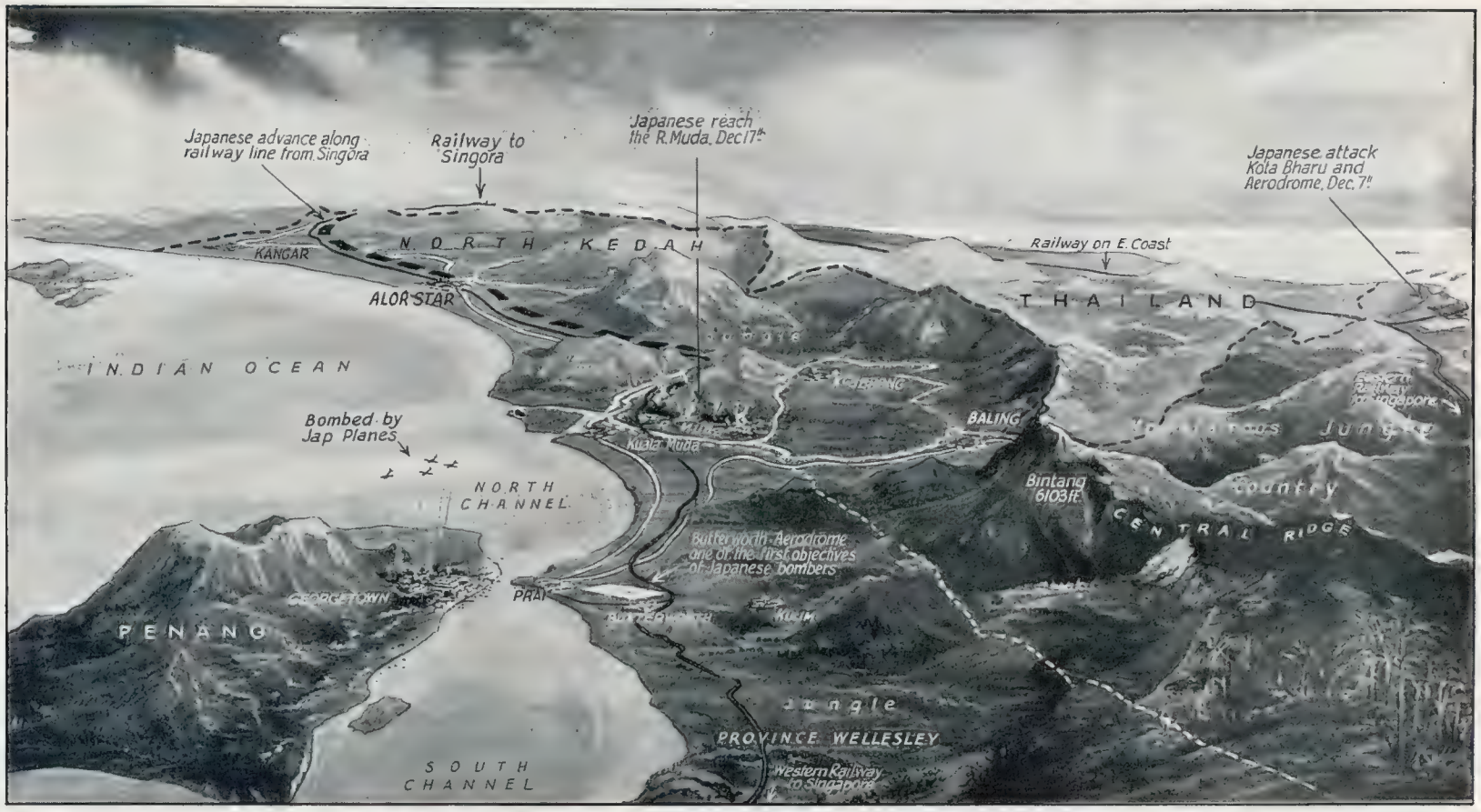
And once across the river, as said, the passage southwards is comparatively easy. We have lately improved the road ourselves, partly for purposes of defence; and if our outlying troops cannot hold the invaders, it might not be long before the lorries and tanks were speeding across the rich alluvial plain of the Thaton District. (Here they would pass continual paddy fields, as well as tobacco plantations.) And they would have to decide quickly—before our reinforcements were rushed to meet them—whether to make for Pegu, or for Rangoon direct.

Pegu might be the obvious choice, not only because it is slightly nearer, but also because it is the junction where the Rangoon-Mandalay Railway is joined by a branch line down to Martaban. Occupation of Pegu would have the joint effect of cutting off supplies for China, and of preventing the branch line being used. (Of course, that branch line would be cut by a column going to Rangoon, but such a column might not be able to maintain the cut.)

How long should the journey take? Well, the Germans went through Greece at the rate of about 18 miles a day. Perhaps the Burmese operation might take the Japanese a month, if they did not have to face much opposition.

The opposition? Last year it was announced we had nearly 10,000 trained men in Burma, besides half-trained bands of mountain tribesmen, and the slender Burma Frontier Force. Since then we have made a last-minute effort to strengthen the garrison, particularly with Indian troops. But it is a pity the Japanese were ever allowed to reach Chieng Mai.

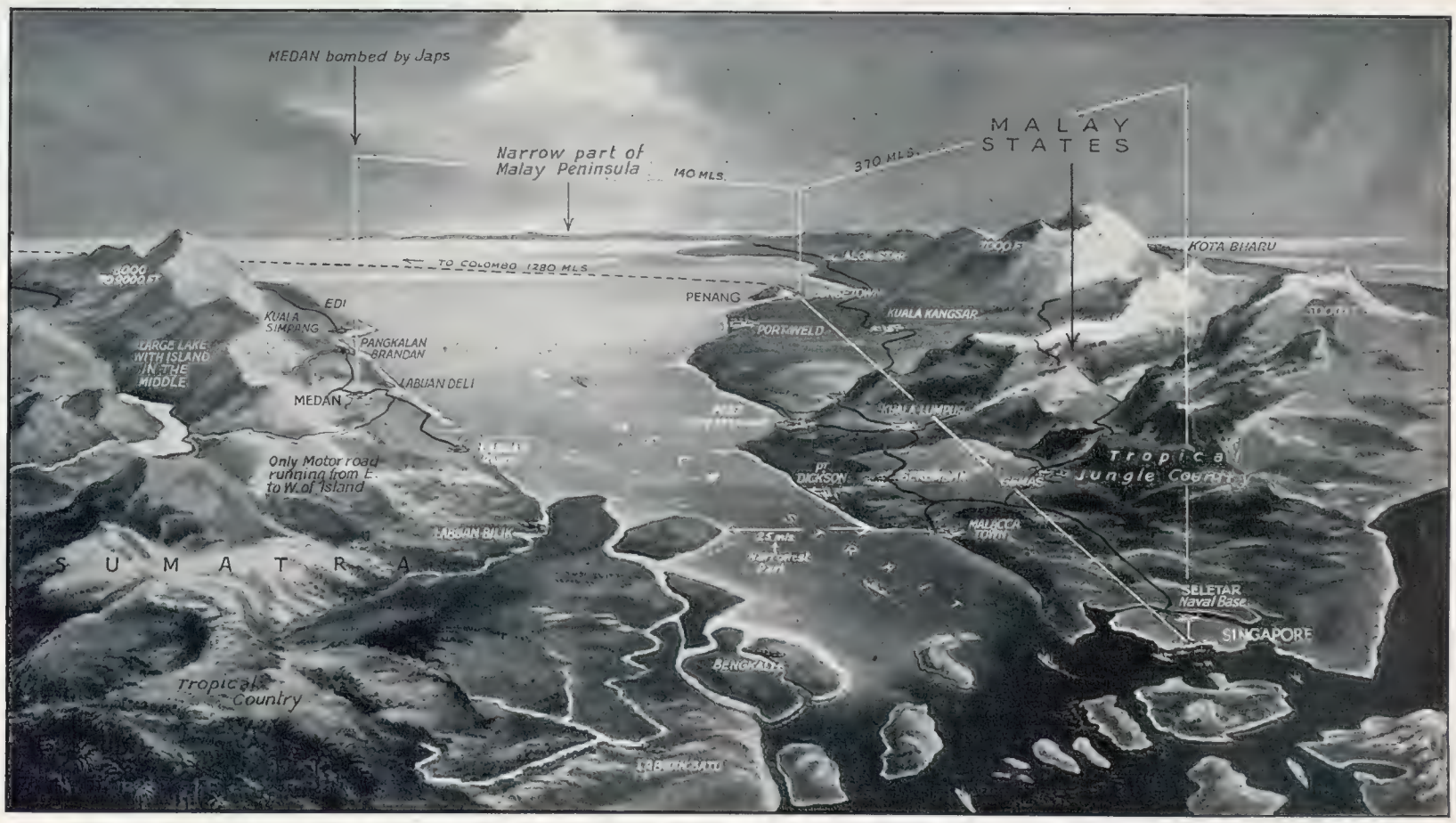
The WAR in the FAR EAST *(continued)*



HOW THE JAPANESE ATTACK IN NORTHERN MALAYA SWUNG WESTWARD after the capture of the aerodromes at Khota Bharu and Butterworth. From Singora and Alor Star, the Japanese penetrated down to Penang Island, which was evacuated after two "delaying actions" on the Muda River—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

It was generally thought after war had come to Malaya that the nature of the eastern coast of the Peninsula would prevent any enemy landings on that side. In the event, this proved to be only partially true. The Japanese made first their air and land attack on Khota Bharu, at the northern extremity of the Malay States. A landing was also effected half-way down the eastern coast, but no deep penetration was made here. The Japanese effort turned northwards to Singora, in Siamese territory. There a landing in force took place, the enemy troops proceeding westwards along the railway to Singora and Alor Star, but encountering delaying actions by British-Imperial troops at various stages. The River Muda was reached and passed about December 7, and a further advance was then made to Butterworth and to Prai, and then across to Georgetown on Penang Island. The island itself was evacuated after a certain amount of demolition had been carried out.

On left—**A VIEW OF GEORGETOWN, an important port of North Malaya and capital of the island of Penang**



THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STRAIT OF MALACCA, between Sumatra and Malaya, which has been subjected to attacks on both sides—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

As the Japanese offensive developed against Malaya, the main interest passed in a south-westerly direction towards the Strait of Malacca, a stretch of water twenty-five to thirty miles wide which separates the Malayan Peninsula from Sumatra. This is normally the main traffic route for steamer traffic to Singapore from Rangoon, Calcutta and beyond. The Japanese capture of Penang obviously threatens the free movement of shipping along this route, and it is not unlikely that diversions round Sumatra might now have to be made. Whilst pressing southwards from Penang, a distance of 370 miles from Singapore, air attacks have been made against Sumatra on the opposite side of the strait. Medan, bombed by Japanese planes, is an important town and air station on the K.L.M. air route to Singapore. The town is one of the Garden Cities of the tropics, said to be even more beautiful than Bali; it further possesses one of the most picturesque hotels in the world. The aerodrome lies about 1,000 ft. above the town

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST *(continued)*

THE GATEWAY TO THE FAR EAST AND BRITAIN'S STRONGHOLD IN MALAYA: The island of Singapore at the tip of the Peninsula, to which it is joined by the Causeway have declared that they "will deliver their final ultimatum." Seletar, the great naval base, lies close to this Causeway—A special sphere drawi

Chief of the Straits Settlements in Malaya, Singapore was founded in 1819 and the island was formally included within the British Empire in 1824. It is some 27 miles by 14 miles, and is Britain's most important possession in the Far East, standing as it does at the parting of the ways, and the focal point of all trade and communications to and from the Orient. Singapore is the ultimate objective of the Japs in Malaya, and already they are looking forward to its occupation after having delivered "the final ultimatum when her troops reach the Johore Causeway." That moment may be a long way off yet! The drawing by Mr. Lambert above shows the island and its principal points of interest: many of these are also described in the article by Major Foran published below

SINGAPORE, Gateway to the Far East

Described by W. ROBERT FORAN

SINGAPORE has justly been styled the "Gate of the Far East." It is no idle claim. The island of Singapore stands on the sea's highway between China, Japan and Australasia in the east, and India and Europe in the west. Geographically, and in actual fact, it is the halfway house.

To this great port come ships from every corner of the globe to discharge vast quantities of merchandise for distribution all over the Malay Archipelago, Siam, Indo-China, and even further afield. Singapore serves as the clearing-house for all the trade passing through the Eastern oceans. Year by year it has continued to grow and expand until now possessing one of the most imposing waterfronts east of Suez, with only Shanghai as a potential rival. The western approach, through the Straits of Malacca, conveys the impression of threading your way between many scattered islands, both large and small, of an extensive archipelago. The island of Singapore is one of them and stands on the northern fringe.

The entrance to the harbour from the westward is infinitely more attractive than that from eastwards. Vessels enter the harbour proper and the docks at Tanjong Pagar through a narrow strait, hedged by green islands and red rocks. This is, indeed, a perfect introduction to Singapore. The waters of Keppel Harbour are jade-green; and, gazing over them, your eyes look upon a veritable fairyland. Blakang Mati, a hilly island which is strongly fortified and garrisoned, extends for a distance of roughly two miles immediately southwards of Singapore. It forms a natural breakwater for the wharves. In the curving sweep of its coast-line, still on the south of Keppel Harbour, is the smaller island of Pulau Brani; and here are the tall chimneys of the tin-smelting works of the Straits Trading Company. The bulk of the tin smelted in the Malay Peninsula is treated there.

The very cosmopolitan character of the city's population provides still another proof of its vast importance as the key to the Far East. Singapore is of the Orient, yet not of it. The casual visitor may be pardoned for thinking he is in a port of China. There is certainly some degree of justification for such a lapse in historical and geographical knowledge, for the essentially Chinese character of the city is a dominant feature and inevitably creates a permanent impression on the mind. The Chinese greatly outnumber all other races.

THE ISLAND OF SINGAPORE, showing the location of the great naval base at Seletar, with its air base opposite, and the town of Singapore itself

Beyond the heart of the city the former rubber estates have gradually but surely been absorbed in building developments. Land in the heart of the city has soared in value until worth more than a site in the vicinity of Piccadilly or Oxford Street. Rents are still unduly high. Building operations have been unable to keep abreast of the rapid growth of the population of Singapore.

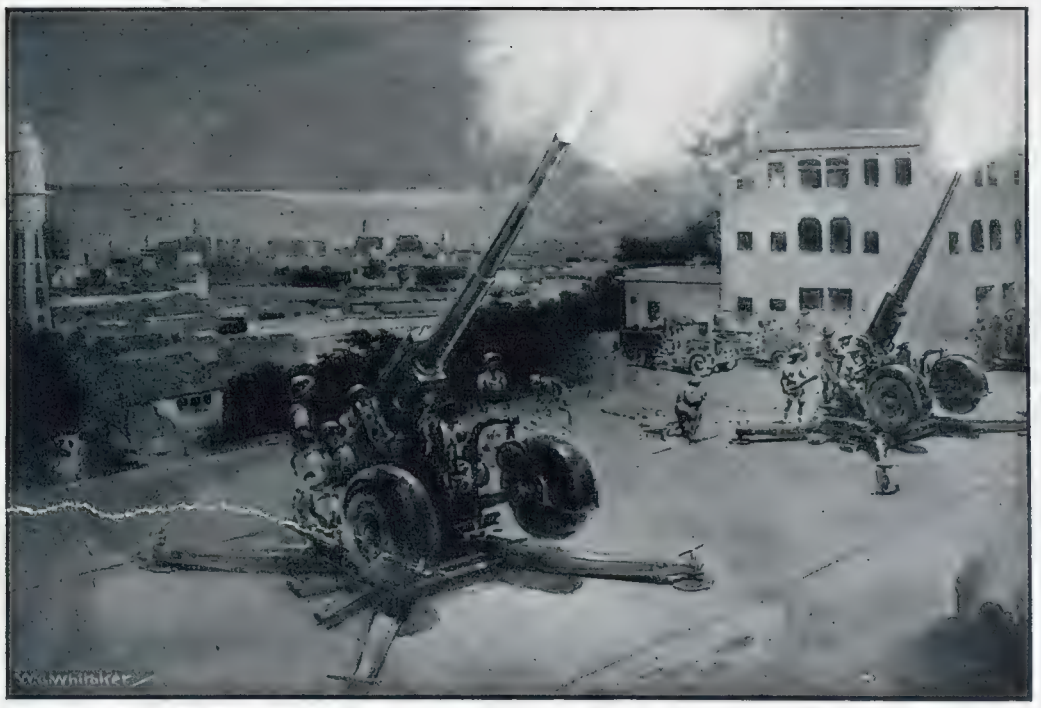
Singapore, as a city, has enough life and colour to satisfy even the most exacting. It also has heat, dust and many pungent odours. The Singapore River challenges attention and cannot summarily be dismissed from notice, though, as a river, it would be insignificant save for the hundreds of queer craft packed tightly and leaving little fairway.

Sea View (or Tanjong Katong, more correctly) is the popular seaside resort of the island, offering a first-rate hotel and excellent sea-bathing for patrons. The approach is through a succession of evil smells by way of Beach Road, Clyde Terrace Market, innumerable rubber and pineapple factories, and the municipal gasworks in Lavender Street—the latter surely holds a touch of

...across the Straits of Johore, where the Japs ...ing by E. G. Lambert

A BATTALION OF GORDON HIGHLANDERS AT WORK IN THE FAR EAST: A good deal of criticism has been made of our "unpreparedness" in the Far East, and especially in Malaya. This criticism is not always fair, however. Other theatres of war have claimed their share of arms and aircraft, troops and warships. In Malaya, for some months past, preparations have gone ahead steadily; and in certain districts local labour has been called on to reinforce the efforts of our troops. This picture shows a battalion of British soldiers, Gordon Highlanders, constructing obstacles in defensive positions in the jungle: the tree trunks used so generously in this work come from the local forests

SINGAPORE TOWN, showing the general layout of the business and residential sections of the city



A LARGE NUMBER OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS HAVE REACHED SINGAPORE during the past months, and the port and city are now well equipped in this respect—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

subtle irony! Then are encountered more rubber and pineapple factories, followed by the sickly effluvia from the fever-laden mangrove swamps close to Sea View. Many Europeans and wealthy Chinese live in this area. Sea View is a delightful asset to Singapore, but the approach spoils its many charms.

There are many other delightful drives about the island, however, and you travel over splendidly surfaced roads. That round the east coast to Changi Beach and the road to the famous "Gap" are superlatively enchanting. The "Gap" offers a marvellous panoramic view over the Straits of Malacca to the distant blue hills of Sumatra, the foreground filled in with many islands which stud the sea.

As Singapore is an island, the choice of routes to the mainland is limited. Two alternatives offer. You may motor over a first-class road and cross the Johore Causeway into the State of Johore, or else use the Federated Malay States Railway. Both traverse the same route through the heart of the Island of Singapore, but the motor road is preferable and leaves the city by the tree-lined Bukit Timah Road. It is fourteen miles to Woodlands, near the Johore Strait, running parallel to the railway and through many rubber plantations. The Johore Causeway carries the railway, motor road and track for pedestrian traffic. From the Johore Bahru shore may be seen the outlines of the great Naval Base, and a delightful view of Singapore Island. In the Straits are the white or dingy-brown sails of Malay and Chinese craft creeping over the limpid blue depths of the channel.

The WAR in the FAR EAST *(continued)*

AIR WARFARE IN MALAYA: Brewster Buffalo aircraft of the R.A.F. (American-built and now in numbers in the Far East) operating over the highly-patterned landscape, which is terraced into distinctive lines by the paddy fields of the natives—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The Brewster Buffalo, made at Long Island City, near New York, has been a favourite aircraft with the R.A.F. in Malaya. Numbers of them have gone direct to the Far East during the past few months, and during the recent fighting over the Peninsula they have been in action against the Japanese bombers. During the attacks by the latter on Khota Bharu aerodrome, Buffaloes played a large part in the aerial operations there: later, they appeared over places to the south, putting up a good show wherever they found antagonists. The landscape over which the Buffaloes have been operating presents an extraordinary appearance: rubber fields and rice fields abound; the paddy fields are cultivated in terraces, with ramparts, up the hillsides. From above they look like strips of carpet—an awkward region for a forced landing!

HOW THE JAPANESE LANDINGS ON THE EAST COAST OF MALAYA WERE MADE AT SEVERAL POINTS FROM SMALL BOATS—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

As we have remarked elsewhere in this issue, it was not at first considered likely that the Japs would attempt landings on the eastern shores of Malaya. But such attempts were made: they were not altogether successful, however, and the main enemy effort was soon switched to the north, near the Siam border. For such landings as they made on the difficult east coast the Japanese followed the methods depicted in the above drawing: the men were landed by means of small boats from larger vessels lying out in the bays and coves. As they came in, heavily laden and with the soldiers burdened with their equipment, the boats were met by heavy fire from Australian and other troops lying in wait in concealment in the jungle. The enemy's losses must have been heavy: but in the end—regardless of casualties (like their mentors, the Nazis)—weight of numbers began to tell, and the British and Imperial forces had to withdraw to safer positions inland and to the south

The WAR in the FAR EAST *(continued)*

A WARSHIP OF THE DUTCH NAVY, of a type which has been active in defence and attack in Malayan waters, where many successes against the Japanese have been achieved. This is the 6,450-ton cruiser "De Ruyter"—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

THE DUTCH NAVY

And Its Work in the Far East

A Note by F. C. BOWEN

RECENT events in Malayan waters have drawn particular attention to the Royal Netherlands Navy, which has already scored many notable successes against the Japanese. Although it has been necessary to maintain the strictest censorship with regard to most of its doings and its present strength, repeated general statements have been published showing its loyal co-operation with the Royal Navy.

During recent times there has been far less distinction between the Home and East Indian sections of the Dutch Navy than there used to be, although several ships are specially designed for tropical service, with accommodation for the native ratings, whom the Dutch have found most satisfactory, keen and intelligent. Formerly the East Indian Fleet was practically a separate service, although it borrowed many of its bigger units from the Home Squadron.

Eight very fine modern destroyers were built in Holland to Yarrow design, very similar to contemporary British ships but adapted to Dutch requirements in matters of detail, and four more were due for completion last year. Most of these were fitted for minelaying in addition to their ordinary destroyer work.

The submarine fleet, which has been specially prominent in the East, in 1939 consisted of twenty-one ships built and nine building, and it is more than probable that several of the latter are on service. In addition the Navy includes a very large number of small vessels, gunboats, escort vessels, minelayers, and the like.

PATROLLING HARBOUR ENTRANCES IN THE FAR EAST: A destroyer of the Netherlands Navy on patrol, in which work the Dutch warships have played a large part and scored some very striking successes

TYPES OF THE FIGHTING MEN OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES: Some members of a "Landing Division" drawn up on the deck of a Dutch destroyer, with their full wartime equipment

In the East Indies, quite apart from the regular Navy, there is a big collection of small craft known as the Government Fleet. It was normally employed on civil service—tending the lighthouses, guarding the revenue and maintaining a police patrol among the innumerable islands—but although these ships are all quite small, they are all specially designed for the peculiar services of East Indian waters, are manned by a disciplined naval reserve, carry a few quick-firers, and in many cases are fitted for minelaying and minesweeping. In a naval attack on the East Indies they could prove very worrying to the attacker, and their officers and men, being thoroughly familiar with the intricate channels and innumerable dangers of those waters, could perform invaluable service, although the ships could not, of course, stand up to attacks by destroyers or cruisers. They are backed by an air force of considerable strength, both naval and military. There is also in East Indian waters an obsolete battleship used for training purposes, but retaining her big guns for coast-defence work and a useful anti-aircraft armament.

The immense importance of the colonies' trade, and the necessity of collecting the produce from numerous islands, has brought into being a very large fleet of merchant ships specially designed for local conditions, and many of these could be armed very effectively as naval auxiliaries. The danger from Japan had been recognised for several years past, and it is significant that the natives have been just as disturbed at the prospect as the whites, dreading the possibility of Asiatic domination after the firm but very just rule of the Dutchmen. They have readily volunteered for all the services, and with proper and sympathetic handling they have proved as satisfactory as the Malays round Singapore, to whom they are closely related. It is feared, however, that intensive Japanese espionage for many years past has given them a tolerable knowledge of the natural defences of the islands which would normally make invasion difficult.

In addition to the Government dockyard at Soerabaia there are several commercial establishments in Java and Sumatra which are well adapted for the maintenance of the Fleet, but ever since the British base at Singapore was started, and the Royal Australian Navy was strengthened with modern units, the Dutch at home and in the colonies have quite openly regarded them as their most effective protection against aggression. Many of the Dutch islands are to the east of Singapore, but Sumatra, the richest of them all, is right under its protection, and with modern ships the big British base covers the whole group as well as the approaches to Australia, and, backed by the loyal spirit of the islands, it would make any attempt to invade them, even with the full strength of the Japanese Navy, a very risky proceeding.

First Pictures of

JAPAN'S AIR FORCE

Whose Activities Have Come as a Great Surprise in the Far East

The pictures reproduced on these pages are among the first which Japan has permitted to be sent out of the country to show the power of her fighting forces. Hitherto the High Command of the Japanese Air Force has instituted extremely stringent restrictions in order to prevent the possible leakage of military secrets. It may be taken that these pictures are representative of the present Army Air Force (there is no independent Air Force such as we know it in this country), and that they may be assumed to represent the types of aircraft and men now engaged in military aviation in the Far East.

Together with these pictures we have received a panegyric extolling the virtue and prowess of "Japan's Wild Eagles." As this prowess has still to be tested against British and American fighter-pilots in actual combat, however, we do not propose to publish it here, but to confine ourselves to a summary of some of the factual details accompanying the pictures. The successes achieved by the Japanese Air Force (in their operations against China and, also, at Pearl Harbour and Manila) have undoubtedly been enhanced by the new 97 type heavy bomber, which, it is claimed, was "newly designed and constructed" by native aeronautical experts in 1937. Others regard this type (and other Japanese types) as an obvious copy of an existing Western type! Since the opening of her war against China it is claimed by Japan that, at a cost of only 150 aircraft, her air forces have destroyed 2,506 Chinese planes in aerial combat and in ground attacks; that, during the year 1940, "Japanese aerial armadas" unloaded 8,519 tons "of deadly explosives with fatal precision upon the chief military establishments of Chungking"; that, in one onslaught on Hankow, more than half the military establishments and air-defence positions were destroyed by powerful explosive and incendiary bombs; that, in the first attack on the Chinese capital at Chungking, Japanese Army bomber squadrons covered in continuous flight a distance equal to seven round trips between the extreme southern and northern tips of Japan; that Japan's absolute victory in the air over China "was a foregone conclusion in view of the first successful aerial bombardment on Nanking, completely forestalling the enemy by attacking them unexpectedly" (in much the same way as Pearl Harbour was attacked!).

But—above all, above the aircraft and the planning and the organisation—the Japanese claim that their aerial victories must be credited to "the men in the cockpits—the able and daring pilots, of whom Japan has the fortune of possessing so many." This superiority of Japanese pilots is largely attributed to the fervent patriotism and spirit of self-sacrifice for their Emperor and country.

BOMBERS OF THE JAPANESE ARMY: Modern aircraft, first used in China and now being used in Manila and Malaya. This is the type on which the enemy is now largely depending

"A CRACK ARMY AIR UNIT OF LIGHT BOMBERS": The expert will here detect a great likeness to the German Junkers dive-bomber, or Stuka. This is the type of aircraft which assisted in the raid on Pearl Harbour

"THEY LEAVE IN FIVE MINUTES FOR THEIR PATROL": On the left a group of Japanese pilots are poring over their maps: other members of the bombing crews are more concerned with their musical exercises. So far the Japanese have relied almost entirely on bombers, but it may be that their fighter-pilots will soon have to demonstrate their prowess, in action against British and American fighters

LINED UP READY FOR A BOMBING RAID : Modern-looking and native built, these twin-motor bombers of the Japanese Army Air Force are preparing for a flight, whilst pilots and crews stand by to take over

THE GROUND CREWS : Japanese mechanics exhibit their patriotism as the bombers take off for a raid

TWO TYPICAL MECHANICS, ready with wheel-chocks. Note the quaint, split-toed shoes!

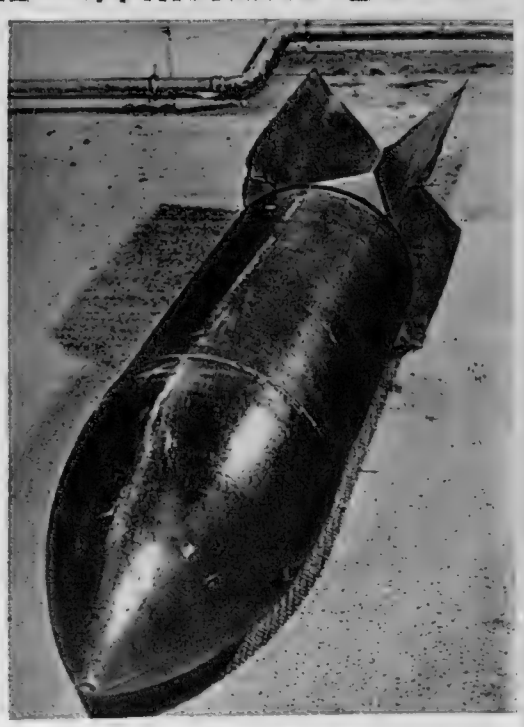
RADIO OPERATORS : A camouflaged position near an improvised aerodrome where radio reports from the Japanese pilots over enemy positions are received

ARMY PILOTS, HELMETED AND STRAPPED INTO THEIR PARACHUTE HARNESS, listen to the final instructions of their Commander before they take off on a bombing raid. So far, it is only the bomber pilots of the Japanese Air Forces who have been tested in action

OFFICIAL PICTURES OF THE "WHISTLING BOMBS"

A 1,800-KILO. (2-TON) HIGH-EXPLOSIVE BOMB: This is the heaviest dropped on Britain. The fins have been broken off, but originally the bomb measured 13 ft. 3 ins. by 2 ft. 3 ins.

A 500-KILO. (½-TON) BOMB: The fins have been damaged by the bomb's passage through the earth after impact



A 250-KILO. HIGH-EXPLOSIVE BOMB, in an almost intact state

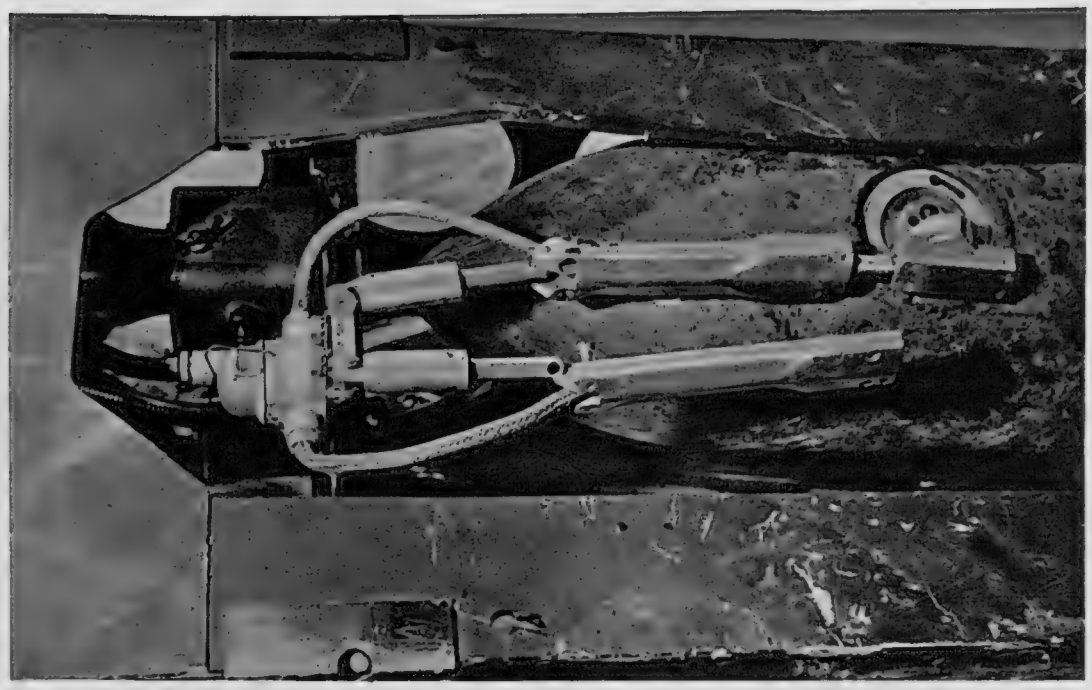
A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE MINIATURE ORGAN-PIPE AS FITTED TO "WHISTLING BOMBS": The method of attachment is shown in the picture on the right

A 50-KILO. HIGH-EXPLOSIVE BOMB: Not satisfied with the ordinary noise of a bomb's descent, and its subsequent explosion, the Nazis very often endeavour (with true German "frightfulness") to increase the noise of the bomb descending by fitting miniature organ-pipes to the fins. These pipes are usually made of papier mâché

On right—A RHEINMETAL BORSING ELECTRIC FUSE, as fitted to nearly all German bombs

The official pictures reproduced on these pages illustrate a series of German bombs which have all, at various times, been dropped on this country by the *Luftwaffe*. They are all of the high-explosive type, and they range from the comparatively small 50-kilo. bomb to the huge 1,800-kilo. type (nicknamed "Satan,") which is over 13 ft. long and weighs close on two tons. These bombs may be divided into two classes—"general purpose," with a high-explosive weight ratio and comparatively thin casing, relying for their effect largely on blast; and "armour-piercing," with thick casing and a massive nose, designed to penetrate armour-plating. Nearly all German bombs carry one or more electric fuses, which are fitted into sockets in the side of the casing. Miniature organ-pipes of papier mâché are often fitted to the tail-fins of a bomb in order to increase the noise of its fall. The damaged state of the tail-fins in most of the pictures reproduced here is explained by the fact that all the specimens shown have actually been dropped by the *Luftwaffe* over England

A 100-KILO. ARMOUR-PIERCING BOMB: The whole body of this bomb is made from one steel forging with very thick walls; and a light sheet-metal cone, which carries at the end a cast base-metal tail, is welded on to this one



A VERTICAL BOMB-RACK AS USED ON MOST GERMAN BOMBERS: This picture shows the usual release gear as fitted to Nazi bombers. The gear will take either four 100-kilo. bombs or one 500-kilo. bomb. The one seen in the picture is a 100-kilo. specimen

THE "BUMPERS" WHICH THE GERMANS HAVE FITTED TO CERTAIN OF THEIR BOMBER AIRCRAFT: Here is a crashed Heinkel showing how the device is fitted in an attempt to cope with balloon-barrage cables. It weighs some 600 lb. and reduces the aircraft's speed by about 25 m.p.h.

ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE SAME AIRCRAFT, showing the method of supporting the "bumpers" by struts attached to the leading edge of the wings

Some time ago it was stated that the *Luftwaffe* was equipping certain of its bomber types with "bumpers" in an attempt to cope with the dangers of British balloon barrages. Conjecture as to how this device is fitted is now brought to an end by these two official photographs which have just been released for publication. Evidently the Germans must have found the balloon barrages, at which they first mocked, very effective in the defence of Britain! The "bumper" stretches from wing-tip to wing-tip: it is attached at each end, and held in position in front of the aircraft by struts of sufficient strength to push a cable to one side—or, that is the theory! Obviously, the "bumper's" added weight greatly reduces the speed of the aircraft and the bomb-load it can carry. The Heinkel shown here crashed whilst engaged on operations over this country

The BOMBING of PEARL HARBOUR: Pictures Actually Taken During the Attack

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ROADSTEAD AT PEARL HARBOUR after the devastating air raid by the Japanese which marked the opening of the war with the United States: the burning battleship "Arizona" (from which smoke is rising) is sinking in the harbour and four other warships were also destroyed by the bombers

The damage done to the BARRACKS AT WHEELER FIELD, on the island of Oahu, by the Japanese

THE ACTUAL ATTACK BY JAPANESE PLANES ON THE GREAT AMERICAN NAVAL BASE: The aircraft are seen in the act of diving on the harbour, whilst bursts of anti-aircraft fire are seen on the right. On the left is the huge column of smoke rising from the burning battleship "Arizona"

An American airman (on left) with a soldier holding a suit of overalls salvaged from the captured Japanese submarine

We have already published photographs (and a special drawing) showing the two-man submarines which took part in the Pearl Harbour attacks. *On the right* we give the *first* picture showing one of these craft actually on the beach of Oahu Island after the Japanese assaults. The employment of such vessels was only one of many unpleasant surprises received by the Americans: no fewer than three of these "suicide" craft were destroyed

THE FIRST ORIGINAL PICTURE TO BE RECEIVED IN LONDON OF THE JAPANESE TWO-MAN SUBMARINE: This was beached at the island of Oahu, near Pearl Harbour, when it fell a victim to U.S. gunners attempting to repel the surprise attack

THE SCENE AT HICKAM FIELD, THE U.S. AIR BASE IN HAWAII, DURING THE RAIDS ON THE ISLAND : Having decided to concentrate on the Fleet in Pearl Harbour, it was then necessary to hit heavily at Hickam Field in order to stop the U.S. Air Forces from going up to engage the Japanese bombers

THE WRECKAGE OF A U.S. NAVY AMPHIBIAN PLANE, destroyed on the landing ramp of Wheeler Field, the Army base near Honolulu

A LARGE BOMB-CRATER BESIDE A WRECKED BUILDING on the edge of the aerodrome at Hickam Field : this field was one of the principal land targets of the large force of Japanese bombers

A P-40 ARMY FIGHTER AIRCRAFT, with its tail shot off during the Jap attack on Hickam Field. It never had a chance to take off!

HAWAIIAN ISLANDERS stand outside their wrecked homes after the Japanese air attacks were over

FURNITURE AND OTHER HOUSEHOLD GOODS after they had been hurriedly moved into the streets at Honolulu by firemen and defence workers

The pictures reproduced here are from the first actual photographs to reach this country from Pearl Harbour. Some of them were actually taken whilst the Japanese air attacks were in progress. In their assaults on Hawaii, the principal targets were the United States Fleet at anchor in Pearl Harbour, and the air bases of Hickam Field and Wheeler Field. Taken by surprise, the fighter aircraft on the ground had little chance of engaging the enemy bombers, who were thus able to wreak their destruction comparatively unhampered. The ground defences were soon in action, however, and it has been stated that some forty-three Jap bombers were shot down by A.-A. gunfire

MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS—

An Experiment in Autobiography

By J. G.

This is the first of a New Series of Fortnightly Articles. The Second Article of the Series will be Published on January 24

I WAS born in the year 1885, four months after General Gordon's death, when the outcry against Mr. Gladstone and his Government was still loud. It was a year of bitter distress, hunger and unemployment. It may be called the year in which Socialism as a modern force in politics first came into the picture. Mr. John Burns's name emerged from the darkness of subterranean discontent, and Mr. Bernard Shaw and the Fabian Society gave out some startling new opinions on the relative positions of Capital and Labour, and on the new social order that was already overdue.

Soon after my birth, Mr. Gladstone's Government fell, and was succeeded by a Conservative Government under Lord Salisbury.

In that year died Lord Houghton and Lord Shaftesbury, both notable men, both in their different ways pioneers, but both of them links with a dead or dying past. In that year steam-trams and sixpenny telegrams, freedom of speech and the education of the working classes established themselves in a small way, and "complete Home Rule for Ireland" cast a clear shadow over the land of political controversy to come. Temperatures and tempers alike were more than usually high in the summer of my birth, when Sub-Lieutenant Prince George (afterwards King George V) was studying gunnery in H.M.S. *Excellent* at Portsmouth.

Every year, every decade, every reign, every century, is, in the easy phrase, a "period of transition." I may at least claim, as confidently as most, to have been born in a year of transition, to have nicely judged the dividing line between my own world and a former world.

My world was to prove a troubled, heated, constantly anxious, often unhappy, always controversial world, which was to see at last the final overthrow of the Age of Privilege and the establishment of the Reign of Democracy, and was to suffer two tragic world convulsions, which were to bring not only the new Democracy, but an older civilisation to the crater's edge, and the meaning of the words *security* and *permanence* to mere nonsense. An age of radical changes in social and political life, breath-taking in their swiftness; the era of *internal combustion*. But these portents were but tiny clouds in a cast-iron blue sky in 1885, and for a decade or more onwards; more stimulating than terrifying to the entrenched and the privileged.

I cannot say that I had my roots in the soil of the year of my birth. Though in theory a Liberal in politics, I never achieved any sympathy with Mr. Gladstone. And though I soon accepted as just and inevitable the gradual realisation of the sound principles of Socialism, I was all too often alienated by the methods and manners of sections of that political party. A theoretic politician is the worst type of politician and, I fear, of citizen. I have not made much use of steam or other trams, nor of sixpenny telegrams, nor taken the interest which I might have taken in national education. But for freedom of speech, exceptionally, I have all my life fought hard, and have always believed in it. It is about the only form of freedom I have found reasonably available in Britain during most of my life. For the rest, my own temper derived from the heated soil of 1885 a full measure of warmth. Which I regret.

To my mind, the best form of autobiography or personal memoirs is that which relies not on names, but on ideas. A man's birthplace is important not for its name, but for its influence on his character; nay, his own name and the names of his family and friends serve but to distract the interest of any reader who subscribes to my opinion of the proper function of autobiography. Names are meretricious, dangerous, distracting irrelevancies. Ideas, facts, characters, stand like stone. There will be very few proper names in my recollections of an ordinary man's life.

"The Place Where I Was Born."—"I remember, I remember, the place where I was born." I remember it in detail clearer and fuller than any other incident or environment of my life. I drank these details in in the most impressionable stage of childhood, which I put at the years between seven and fourteen. Everything gathered or learned by heart then remains more vivid than yesterday's impressions in middle age—as unforgettable as the Morse code. I have described the house and grounds in a short memoir of two Charleses of my family, my grandfather and an uncle, a famous bishop. I will say no more than that the house was old and rambling, cold and inconvenient, stood in forty acres of ground on the edge of an unspoilt common six miles from Hyde Park Corner, and possessed then and long afterwards every amenity of a lesser country house which you might find in Sussex or Hampshire: farm steadings, hayfields, woodlands and brake; cows, poultry and pigs; and the shooting of rabbits, hares, partridges, pheasants, pigeons and even wild duck.

It was the only home of my grandparents from 1846 to the end of the century, and its environment changed very little all those years. Slight, too, was the change in the manner of thought and expression of thought within that old house. In the years before my grandparents came in, the house had been a fashionable "villa" for politicians, and at various times had been occupied by Pitt, Lyndhurst and the questionable Melville and his brother Dundas. But when my grandfather took it, it became a last stronghold of the Whigs which held out against all changes into the twentieth century.

A NEW VIEW OF LONDON'S PICCADILLY, brought about by war necessity: This novel view of Piccadilly was taken from the Green Park. The removal of the iron railings along this well-known thoroughfare gives a wider and clearer view. The iron of which the railings were made now becomes scrap—for tanks, ships or other war uses

Grandparents.—My grandparents were fairly well-off for those days. *His* career had been something of a romance. For he was one of the youngest of a very large family reared in Dublin in very straitened circumstances. His father, indeed, was heir to an Irish earldom, but died before succeeding to the title. He was a rather disappointed man, but his wife was a noble character. She was a direct descendant of John Pym, an ancestor of whom I am proud. My grandfather was largely self-educated, going neither to public school nor university. But he was a man of shrewd common sense and possessed of great charm and zest for living, and he early won for himself the favour of the inner circle of the Whigs and a pleasant post in the Civil Service, which he held for about forty years and from which he drew a good salary. My grandmother had been the young and lovely widow of the eldest son of a great Whig nobleman, and she, too, drew for nearly half a century, as jointure charged on a great estate, an annual sum larger than my grandfather's salary. Their rooms were filled with beautiful furniture of a gracious period acquired by purchase or inheritance, and their minds and opinions were shaped by the manner of thought of that privileged circle of Whigs who had a brief run of place and power in the 1830's. Upright, honourable, true Christians, charitable, kindly they were, but, judged by the standards of to-day, their outlook no doubt was narrow, rigid and exclusive. I fancy it coloured the views of the next generation, if not of the next two generations, and was perhaps not the best influence for one who would need to make his way under his own steam through the troubled seas of social evolution in the first decades of the twentieth century. It was not that they erected class barriers. They found those barriers firmly erected and never conceived that they could be, or should be, removed. In their scheme of things, the local doctor, the governess and so on, stood on a recognised rung, some way between a poor relation and the housekeeper, but—if the governess (pronounced with a short "o") fell ill, no angel of mercy could prove more kindly, helpful and sweet than my grandmother, who had, indeed, a genius for nursing.

In youth lovely as an angel's, her face in very old age—she lived to be well over ninety—took on a dignity and "beauty of holiness" which gave it a loveliness whose appeal was not only spiritual, but to the end physical also. Whatever simple prayers still come through memory to my lips were of her composition. She gave to each of her grandchildren, written out in her beautiful handwriting, a little manual of daily prayers.

I do not wholly regret the obstinacy of my grandparents' adherence to outworn traditions. It gave me a lifelong interest in the great days of the Whigs, and a sense of the past. How I wished, years afterwards when I came to write a biography of Thomas Creevey, that I had been old enough to collect my grandmother's own vivid impressions of that mystery man whom she knew well in girlhood; indeed, she, like my grandfather, knew pretty intimately a big majority of the famous men and women whose names lend sparkle to the annals and memoirs of social and political life in the first half of the nineteenth century.

In that pleasant old house, in unbroken peace and ease, they brought up a notable family. They had the secret of building character, and among their children were three who would be judged outstanding in any selection from the best type of educated Victorians, disciplined in mind, upright and just almost to quixotism, well-read, highly cultured and possessed of great natural ability, in one case outstanding—my father, my uncle, the great churchman, and an aunt who still survives, and who for nearly fifty years has shed a beneficent, and ever more recognised, influence over the neighbourhood of her country house.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

The UNIFIED COMMAND in the PACIFIC

NOW IN COMMAND OF ALL ALLIED FORCES IN THE SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC: General Sir Archibald Wavell inspecting the Fixed Defences of Singapore in November last. With him are the G.O.C. Singapore Fortress (Major-Gen. Keith Simmons), and the Commander of the Fixed Defences

GENERAL WAVELL'S DEPUTY: Major-Gen. G. H. Brett, Deputy Supreme Commander in the South-West Pacific to General Sir Archibald Wavell. He has for some time been the Chief of the U.S. Army Air Corps

PACIFIC NAVAL COMMANDER: Admiral Thomas C. Hart, of the U.S. Navy (in command of the Asiatic Fleet), who has been appointed to command all the Allied Naval Forces in the Pacific

THE FRENCH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER AT THE ISLAND OF MARTINIQUE: This is the *Bearn*, 23,146-ton aircraft-carrier, at her berth at Fort de France. She has been here since the French capitulation in June 1940. When she arrived in Martinique there were seventy-five American-built planes aboard her: these are still in first-class condition and ready for service. There has been much speculation as to the fate of the *Bearn* and of the aircraft which she carries in the event of the Vichy Government handing over to Hitler the remnants of the French Navy

ONE OF THE JAPANESE AIR ACES WHO HAS BEEN BADLY WOUNDED: Masaaki Iinuma is a leading airman in Japan. He jumped into fame in 1937 by piloting his aeroplane, "Divine Wind," from Tokyo to London in less than 100 hours. It is now reported that Iinuma has been seriously wounded by British anti-aircraft fire whilst taking part in a bombing raid on Northern Malaya

CIVILIANS FORMING A QUEUE IN A NORWEGIAN SQUARE FOR THE MEAGRE SUPPLIES OF FOOD ALLOWED BY THE NAZIS: Further proof of the activities in Norway of the Nazis is revealed by pictures recently received in England. Reduced by the dire needs of their armies, the Nazis are confiscating all winter sports clothes, skis and equipment in the country, and commandeering all food supplies regardless of the hardships imposed on the civilian population

THE GERMANS ARE WELL LOOKED AFTER, HOWEVER! The famous Norwegian restaurant, Humla, has been taken over by the Nazis: renamed the "Lowenbrau," it is now well stocked. Here stores of food and beer, confiscated from civilians, are seen on the pavement waiting to be carried within

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

AMERICA'S LITERARY FARE WHEN WAR CAME

Doing Business With and Without Hitler; An English Novelist's Best-seller; The "Ecdysiast" or Strip-tease Virtuoso

THINKING that my readers might be interested in what America was reading and discussing, I asked an old friend, who is something of a reviewer in her own right, to send me a survey of the New York literary scene. The letter was mailed on the day before the Japanese attack. Because books are not written, printed, bound and published within a few weeks, even in America, my correspondent's notes concern those books which still predominate in the book-stores and on the news-stands.

First of all there is Douglas Miller's book, *You Can't Do Business With Hitler*, which is the most competent appraisal of Hitler's aims to be read at the moment. Then there is William Shirer's BERLIN DIARY, which still, after more than six months, heads the best-seller lists and shows no signs of budging; and the masterly job that Count Raoul Roussy de Sales has done of editing a vast collection of Hitler's speeches. Then the many books which respect the current fetish of having the name of Hitler in the title. The latest of these—indeed, it is not yet out but still appearing serially—is by the red-headed and fabulous Knick, the H. R. Knickerbocker, about whose own adventures so many stories are told. This book will probable be called IS TO-MORROW HITLER'S?

I could enumerate a far longer catalogue—Mr. Pierre van Paassen's, and Mr. John Gunther's Inside-Whatever-is-the-Latest-Country-in-the-News—but I will only pick one for dissertation, and that one is Mr. Louis Adamic's TWO WAY PASSAGE. Mr. Adamic was originally a Serbian, more recently a Yugoslav and up to date a good American who dishes up European problems to those of his new country-men who appear to be more interested in the forthcoming peace than in the present war. He sees the U.S.A. in the role of a great regenerator among nations. To a Europe torn and bleeding and prostrate after the years of war, he would return to the countries of their origin distinguished American citizens who would immediately take charge and confer the blessings of American civilisation upon those countries severally and collectively.

Mrs. Alice Duer Miller's narrative poem, THE WHITE CLIFFS, sells and sells and sells with quiet and dignified consistence, and the author has been persuaded to read it aloud to audiences in a number of cities in this country. As she herself has said, that is a chance that any author would jump at, and she has enjoyed her tours almost as much as her listeners.

Fiction still has the position here that it has always had in this or any country that I have known: its success is an exact ratio to its power as an anodyne. It is still the great escape from reality (if that reality is not dinning too loudly in one's ears), and it still provides the easy contrast—easy if you have the necessary two or three dollars to achieve it—with one's own exigent world.

The current proof of this is simple and complete enough and, to be honest, enjoyable enough. It is found in reading Marguerite Steen's THE SUN IS MY UNDOING, which I may be alone in considering a clumsy title. This is an immensely long book, and if I were to attempt to describe it with any degree of enthusiasm or at least exactitude this paragraph would read like one of Hollywood's more improbable effusions. Because it really has got what is loosely known as Everything.

Miss Edna Ferber's SARATOGA TRUNK has not got quite as much packed into it, but it is doing very comfortably all the same, in its tens of thousands, and with the same advantage of a splashy, colourful period as a background and a wilful heroine who makes Scarlett O'Hara seem docile by comparison. Would it surprise anyone to know that it is perfect screen material, and has already been sold to Hollywood? I thought not.

It still surprises me that books can sell in such admirable numbers in America since, quite evidently, no one has a moment in which to settle down with the proverbial "good book." I never see anyone reading, and yet I constantly meet people who have read and can dissertate upon all that has been published with any distinction in the past six months. That remains to me one of the greater American mysteries. Whether they read for entertainment or to be informed is another mystery.

Reading taste is always unpredictable; do you remember the successive years in which JEW SÜSS and GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES were best-sellers? And the same thing applies here, so that it should be no surprise to find that one of the most discussed, and presumably therefore one of the most read books of the winter, is one which falls into no known category, but is a murder story by a famous strip-tease artist or, as her publishers choose to call her, an ecdysiast.

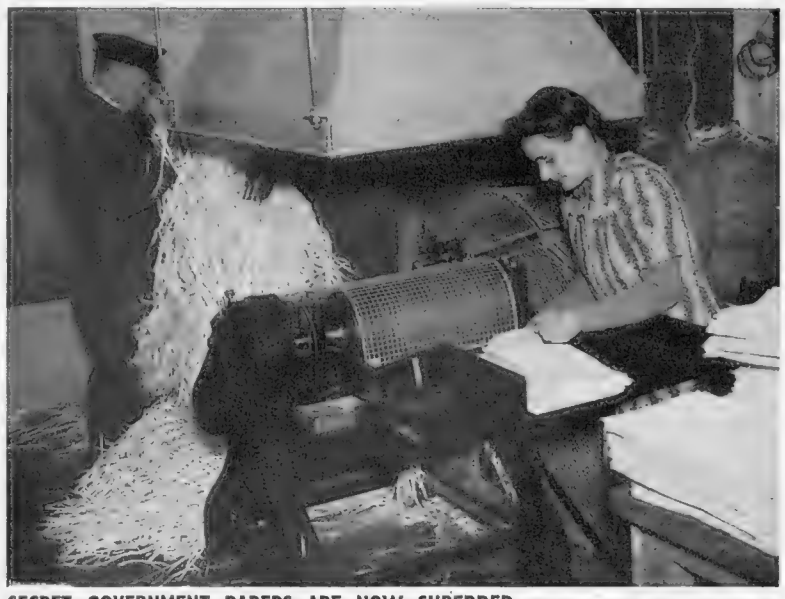
And it is very good, too, as I have had the fun of finding out for myself. Miss Gypsy Rose Lee may know less than a child about murder, but the rest of her atmosphere for the story is, I should judge, quite perfectly conveyed. So famous this side of the Atlantic is Miss Lee's undressing act that there were those unkind critics who murmured that it was unlikely that her talents had more scope than the stage could offer, and there were even some ugly rumours of ghost writers and the like. All these were magnificently refuted by Miss Lee, who published her day-to-day correspondence with her publishers, fully illustrating the travail of composition and hardly expurgated at all.

There is, therefore, no doubt that this is all Miss Lee's unaided work, as humbler artists are apt to claim, and pretty fine work it is. I have been privileged to see some of the originals of the letters and I can vouch for the lady's having the same racy style in them as the rest of her work indicates. Her book is called THE G STRING MURDERS, and if the implications of that are as much Greek to you as ecdysiast was to me, I will explain that that is the strip-teasers' last, and exceedingly frail, rampart between fame and censorship. It is an amusing book.

While writing this I have been told an interesting and, as far as I know, unprecedented fact; it sounds like a publisher's dream, and it happened when YOU CAN'T DO BUSINESS WITH HITLER was only a few weeks off the presses.

A group of people paid the expenses for a full-page advertisement for the book in the most important of New York's daily newspapers because, they said, they considered it one that every thinking citizen should read and appreciate. These sponsors were proved beyond any doubt to have no financial or personal interest in either the author or the publishing firm. They simply thought it an important book, and thought it essential that as many people as possible should learn its lessons. Whether the sales of the book were affected seems trivial beside the indisputable proof of the importance of books in the modern scene.

WASTE PAPER IS A MUNITION OF WAR



SECRET GOVERNMENT PAPERS ARE NOW SHREDDED: Formerly they were burned but now they are put through specially-built machines and "shredded"—to help the drive for waste paper, now so valuable to Britain's war effort. Machines of this type have now been installed in the Foreign Office, Admiralty and Ministry of War Transport. This picture shows a girl attendant feeding the shredder with secret papers at the Admiralty, whilst a workman collects the waste and puts it into sacks for removal

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Constant news of the service Old Boys of the Society are rendering to their country is being received. In one day alone recently information was received that two old *Arethusa* boys had been awarded the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal for the fine part they played in H.M.S. *Ladybird*; while another had been selected for training for a commission in the Indian Army; and a fourth had passed his Second Mate's Certificate in the Merchant Navy. This 98-year-old Society needs funds badly. Please do not pass this appeal by, but send your gift. Address: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

A BOOM IN THEATRE-LAND

ON the evening of Saturday, December 27, after a week of strenuous professional theatre-going, a young friend of mine, with a spot of embarkation leave, asked me to take him to a play. We visited fourteen out of the twenty-nine theatres open, as I write, in Central London, and at not one of them could a seat be secured for either love or money. The twenty-nine theatres, nearly all of them drawing packed audiences, do not include the suburban theatres, from which come equally good reports, and outlying homes of high-browish repertory.

A wail has been going up from certain *soi-disant* intellectuals that the fare provided is entirely frivolous. Even if that were so I see no cause for regret, or for apology, that in these hellish times the public should go to the theatre in order to have a laugh, and for no other reason. But it is not so. We have a Shakespearean revival (Mr. Donald Wolfit's excellent production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Strand); also such sophisticated comedies as *The Man Who Came to Dinner* (Savoy), *No time for Comedy* (Haymarket), and that subtly witty little piece, *Old Acquaintance* (Apollo), which, though their object, in which they fully succeed, is to raise laughs, are by no means a matter of swing, slapstick and sex-appeal. One of the new plays, indeed—Mr. Emlyn Williams's *The Morning Star*, at the Globe—is so serious that it deals primarily with air raids and their ghastly incidents, sirens, bomb-dropping and corpses being realistically introduced. I did not like this play (though I would sooner see air raids on the stage than off), in spite of the fact that it is cleverly written and acted and may be useful in the future as an historical document. But it seems that plenty of people do like it, for I gather that the theatre is well filled.

A LONDON THEATRE QUEUE IN WARTIME—A recent scene from Shaftesbury Avenue

For those out for the song-dance-and-leg-stuff (and why not?), there are the two new George Black shows at the Hippodrome and the Palladium. The latter is the funnier, but both are glittering and splendiferous. I do not think any of the present revues can be said to rival in either humour or tunefulness the Wimperis-Finck revues at the Palace during the last war. However, there is much merit in *Rise Above It*, at the Comedy, which is certainly the wittiest "intimate" revue we have seen for a long while. For the children there is the revival of *Peter Pan* at the Adelphi—and if the children like Miss Barbara Mullen as Peter so much the better. Also three first-rate pantomimes—*Jack and the Beanstalk*, at the Coliseum (Miss Jean Colin an excellent principal boy), *Babes in the Wood*, at the Stoll, with plenty of scope for those true drolls, Nervo and Knox, and *Jack and Jill*, at the Palace, featuring clever Miss Florence Desmond and Mr. Arthur ("Big-Hearted") Askey. I wish I were myself big-hearted enough to conceal the fact that Mr. Askey does not amuse me.

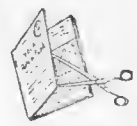
Most of us are sick of the phrase "Keeping up public morale." But the theatre is doing its bit.

Philip Page

Your Schweppes, Sir!

Coupon Sense

says



Streamlined Pleats

Knife-edged pleats all round, graduating into snug-fitting, single material over the hips; pleats which give complete freedom of movement yet cannot gape or come unstitched. Is there another skirt so practical and, at the same time, so smart and slenderising? Good drapers and stores everywhere stock the "KONERAY" in a variety of quality materials. There's no wiser buy for six coupons to-day.

Issued by C. STILLITZ
Leamington Spa,
Worcestershire, England

"KORAY"

"Koneray"
PATENT PENDING

PLEATED SKIRTS

TAKE THIS
Famous Alkaline Saline
EVERY MORNING

A teaspoonful of Kutnow's Powder dissolved in a glass of cold or warm water gives you a health-giving saline of the same strength and virtue as the renowned mineral springs at Carlsbad. Taken regularly every morning, this pleasant Spa drink keeps you internally clean and brings new mental and bodily vigour. Kutnow's Powder ensures easy and thorough elimination. It prevents habitual constipation, promptly dispels any sluggishness of liver and kidneys. Cleansing the blood-stream, and removing pain-causing acids, it brings pronounced relief to sufferers from rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, gout, etc.

KUTNOW'S POWDER

Kutnow's Powder, originally produced at Carlsbad, is obtainable of all leading chemists. Recommended by medical men for over half-a-century. Guaranteed to contain no sugar.

For RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, GOUT etc.

Valstar "777" Raincoat SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN

In normal times the best shops have "777." Supplies are, however, now strictly limited.

Valstar coats in approved styles, are available for all branches of the Services.

J. MANDLEBERG & CO. LTD · PENDLETON · MANCHESTER
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE WEATHERWEAR

Posted abroad?

If so, you will want Tropical Outfit. And since time, on embarkation leave, is very precious, you will want it quickly and without bother—and you'll want it to be good. Moss Bros. will supply you with all that you need—and nothing that you do not need—in next to no time. We've been doing this for Officers in the Services for half a century.

MOSS BROS & Co. Ltd.,
Naval, Military, R.A.F. and General Outfitters.

COVENT GARDEN
Corner of KING ST. & BEDFORD ST., W.C. 2. TEMple Bar 4477 (12 lines)
Also 3/5 Upper Union St., Aldershot; 76 Park St., Bristol; 5 St. Ann's Sq., Manchester; 13 The Hard, Portsmouth. And at Camberley, Dorking, Droitwich, Hove, Ilkley, Salisbury, Shoreham, Shrivenham, York.

Tri-ang TOYS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

FROG MODEL AEROPLANES

Pedigree PRAMS & FOLDERS
All the best babies have them

Pedigree Pets DOLLS AND SOFT TOYS

LINES BROS LTD
LONDON

Now made only in the popular SLOTTED PATTERN
3p each

"ECLIPSE" —SUPER— RAZOR BLADE

5 for 1/3
Including Purchase Tax

For clean, comfortable shaving the Eclipse Blade stands supreme and, when used in conjunction with the Eclipse Red Ring Razor, the perfect shaving combination is obtained.

'Eclipse' Razors: 3/3 & 5/6
Including Purchase Tax

JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD.

GRASS WIDOWER

WHEN the war came, I don't mind telling you I was in a flat spin about my business. We're a firm of builders and gradually, week by week, the work started dwindling. I was just beginning to wonder seriously whether we'd have to think about shutting up shop, when one morning I got to the office and was told someone from the Town Hall had just been on the 'phone for me.

Well, to cut out a lot of unnecessary detail, it wasn't long before we were knee-deep in work again — doing things like extensions to factories, concrete shelters, and so on.

All this time my wife had been sticking it out with me, though we were right in a blitzed area. The two children had been sent away earlier. But she had a sudden call to go to the elder boy who was ill.

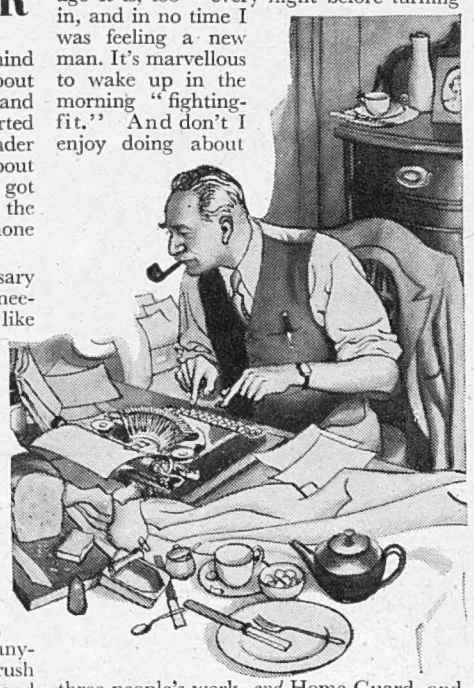
At first I managed all right as a grass widower. But whether it was the strain of the earlier worry, or the extra work (we were understaffed at the office so I carted home an old typewriter and pounded out letters and bills myself at the dining-room table) I don't know ; anyhow when my wife came back on a rush visit, I had to admit I was feeling tired, and couldn't account for it. She insisted on my seeing our doctor.

After questioning me, he started — much to my surprise — talking about Sleep Groups. Apparently I wasn't getting the right *kind* of sleep. Here's what he told me.

The way you sleep comes under one of three headings, or Sleep Groups, as the doctor called them. In the 3rd Sleep Group are the people with downright insomnia. 2nd Groupers (this was where I came in) are the ones who apparently sleep all right — they sleep long enough — but it doesn't do them any good. They don't feel rested next day. If you get 1st Group Sleep, you're absolutely O.K. 1st Group Sleepers are the ones who sleep soundly the whole night through and wake up refreshed and restored, ready to tackle anything.

The doctor summed up by telling me to take a cup of Horlicks every night — said this would put me into the 1st Group class.

And, by Jove, it did! From then on I had a cup of Horlicks — and a delicious beverage it is, too — every night before turning in, and in no time I was feeling a new man. It's marvellous to wake up in the morning "fighting-fit." And don't I enjoy doing about three people's work, *and* Home Guard, and looking after myself into the bargain! I sent the wife back to the country beside the children again — she's quite happy about me now. And business is fairly humming!

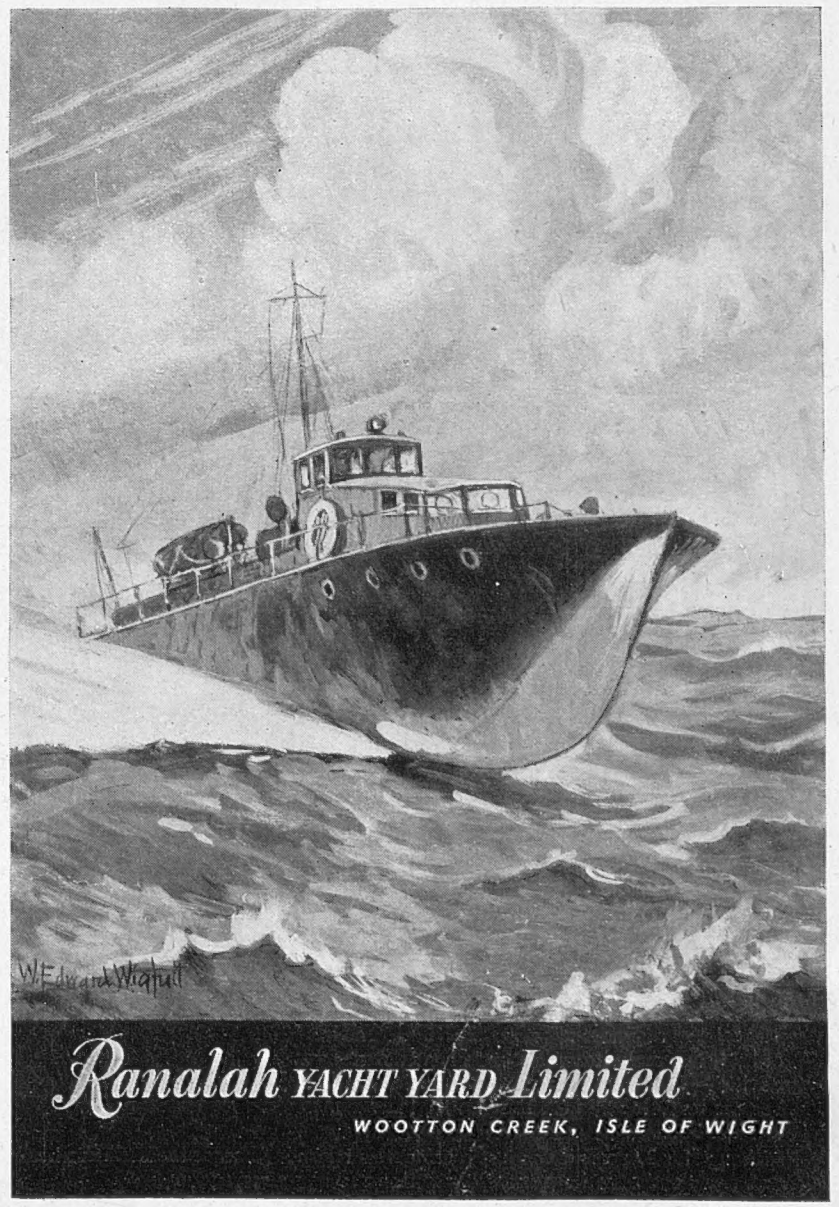


In fact, things being as they are, I've no complaints now at all!

* * *

THE kind of sleep you get makes all the difference to your well-being the next day. Your sleep must restore your mind and body completely so that you are renewed and refreshed when morning comes. This was never more important than it is today, when everyone is called upon to put out an extra effort, over and above the usual daily routine. To get the right kind of sleep — 1st Group Sleep — drink a cup of Horlicks every night at bedtime. You'll find, soon, that you always have a reserve of energy that you can call on to meet the unexpected demands that are made upon all of us nowadays.

We ask the forbearance of users of Horlicks when their chemists or grocers are temporarily without stock. Every effort is being made to ensure equitable distribution.



When You See This Mark . . .

you will be reminded that Rollason Aircraft Services Ltd., and Rollason Aircraft Instruments and Equipment Ltd., have recently changed their name to

FIELD CONSOLIDATED AIRCRAFT SERVICES LTD.
& FIELD AIRCRAFT INSTRUMENTS & EQUIPMENT LTD.

Tollerton Aircraft Services is also owned by the "F.C.A.S." group of companies, which undertakes the repair, servicing and maintenance of complete aircraft, engines, instruments and ancillary equipment, together with the manufacture of aircraft component parts and instrument test equipment of the highest quality.

"F.C.A.S." forms one of the largest undertakings of its kind in the country and operates Stations in the North, the Midlands and the South.

FIELD CONSOLIDATED AIRCRAFT SERVICES LTD.

All communications should be addressed to: P.O. Box No. 5, Great Woodcote House, Purley

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.*

BOURNEMOUTH offers shops, scenery and plenty of winter sunshine. BOURNE HALL HOTEL provides admirable winter quarters in a central position. Bridge, Billiards, Warmth and plenty of breathing space. Resident Directors: Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bray. From 4½ gns.

DEGANWY, North Wales. CASTLE HOTEL. An excellent hotel for a wartime break. With its fifty comfortable bedrooms, this pleasantly situated hotel on the Conway Estuary offers peacefulness and plenty in the shape of golf, fishing, boating, with bowls and riding near by. Tel.: Deganwy 83358.

DORSET, Nr. Shaftesbury. COOMBE HOUSE HOTEL. Away from the atmosphere of war. Situation healthy and beautiful. Every comfort. Trains met Semley by appointment. Tel.: Shaftesbury 130.

HADLEY WOOD, Nr. Barnet, Herts. WEST LODGE PARK HOTEL. In the heart of the country, yet but half an hour from Piccadilly Circus to Cockfosters. A country house of character and charm. Sixty acres of ground and not a roof in sight. Golf course at the drive gates. Proprietor: B. Victor.

NINFIELD, Sussex. MOOR HALL HOTEL. Here, 250 ft. up, facing due south and *not* in a defence area, you can get a break from war routine. Fresh produce from our own farm and gardens. Fishing and rough shooting. Club licence. Trains met Crowhurst or Bexhill. From 4 gns. Tel.: Ninfield 330.

TORQUAY. HEADLAND HOTEL. Though full at the moment, it is an hotel to make a note of should you wish to enjoy quiet luxury midst peaceful surrounds. The Management will welcome your enquiries.

THE NORFOLK HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH

Traditional superiority. Combines all the factors that one expects to find in a first-class hotel, Restaurant, grill room, men's bar, Richmonde Lounge—the social rendezvous of Bournemouth —with Marcel Torrent and his orchestra. Apartments each with P.O. telephone and most with private bathroom. Tel. 7272 every room. *Resident Directors:* Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McInnes.

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER A RIVERSIDE RETREAT FOR THE BUSINESS MAN.

Under the supervision of Mr. BALLY, late of Boulestin, this hotel combines comfort and convenience with food that only an expert can produce.

Within easy reach of London, yet deep in the country
MARLOW-ON-THAMES

SPREAD EAGLE HOTEL
MIDHURST, Sussex

Tel.: Reception—Midhurst 10; Visitors—Midhurst 343
Terms from 6 gns.

A.D. 1430. Not a prohibited area. For leave or a restful holiday come to this historic house; excellent food from our own farms, modern comforts, good fellowship, in atmosphere of the good old times.

VICTORIA HOTEL A.A. R.A.C. FULLY LICENSED.

Equipped with every up-to-date convenience. Spacious Public Rooms, self-contained suites, also many Bedrooms with Private Bathroom and Toilet. Vita Glass Sun Lounge. Cocktail Bar.
FACING DUE SOUTH AND THE SEA
THE VICTORIA IS CATERING FOR PRESENT-DAY NEEDS
The amenities and Mild Climate of SIDMOUTH are well known
FOR BOOKINGS and FULL INFORMATION, WRITE RESIDENT MANAGER.
Telegrams: VICTORIA, SIDMOUTH. *Telephone: SIDMOUTH 811 (2 lines).*
SIDMOUTH, S. DEVON

WILLIAM AND MARY HOTEL Tel.: Stratford-on-Avon 2575

Comfort, warmth and quality food make for pleasurable living at this first-class hotel. Nor is Stratford dull in Winter. Write for list of forthcoming attractions.
Terms 5 to 7 gns. per week
STRATFORD-ON-AVON

AND HERE IS PEACE . . .

A sheltered park of 60 acres. A sun-trap 400 feet up. An hospitable and first-class hotel for the Winter months. London under an hour by train. Sporting golf course in the grounds.

THE SPA HOTEL ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Write for tariff-booklet entitled "And here is peace." Telephone: Tunbridge Wells 1911

Famous QUEENS

18TH (Queen Mary's Own) ROYAL HUSSARS

The original regiment was raised in 1759-60 and in 1807 was equipped as Hussars. In 1821, however, it was disbanded and not re-formed until 1858. It was given its title—18th Queen Mary's Own Royal Hussars when Her Majesty Queen Mary became its Colonel in Chief in 1910. Linked with the 13th Hussars after the war 1914-18.
Although for 37 years it was just a name, this regiment's record caused it to be re-formed and earn its present distinction and honoured name.

HIGHLAND QUEEN

GRAND LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

There are those to whom "HIGHLAND QUEEN" may be a name and no more. Tasting will reveal to them that this honoured name is, in fact, a symbol of the highest achievement. Tasting will show them that "HIGHLAND QUEEN" Grand Liqueur is *more than a name.*

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD., LEITH, EDINBURGH.

Distilleries:
Glen Moray — Glenlivet, Morayshire, and Glenmorangie, Ross-shire.

I REMEMBER—I REMEMBER

"Well — if it isn't old Thomas — what brings you to these outlandish parts?"

"*The slowest train in the universe. What are you doing here yourself?*"

"Putting salt on the tail of the unsavoury Herrenvolk — or more strictly, depth charges. Remember the last time we met?"

"*Do I not! Outside the Tavern at Lords, the summer before the war. You stood me a slap-up dinner that night.*"

"I did. And you stood me a show afterwards. Then we went to a night club."

"*Then on to another.*"

"And strolled down Piccadilly in the cool light of dawn, mingling cigar smoke with the pure morning air."

"*And not a trace of a headache either. We'd mixed our drinks but finished with Rose's Lime Juice, being well acquainted with the ropes.*"

"Not much Rose's about these days, unfortunately."

"*Haven't seen a bottle for weeks. Still, there's bound to be plenty after the war. Where shall we meet?*"

"Why not outside the Tavern at Lords?"

ROSE'S—*the Wise Man's Nightcap*

TOILET PAPER *of superfine* QUALITY & VALUE

Bronco

The De Luxe Toilet Paper

APPROXIMATELY 700 SHEETS IN EACH ROLL
ALSO IN INTERLEAVED FORM

We ask your indulgence should your retailer be temporarily out of stock

Made only by THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER Co LTD
HACKNEY WICK • LONDON. E.9.

Good Greatcoats

We can usually fit an officer to his entire satisfaction on the spot. If it is necessary to make the greatcoat to measure, we work speedily and we work well. The cloths we use are good, warm and hard-wearing. The cut is faultless, the detail is exact. The price, for such care and comfort, is very reasonable — from 10 guineas.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

103-113 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Aldershot, Alton (Staffs), Amesbury, Barmouth, Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bothwell, Bournemouth, Bristol, Carlisle, Dunbar, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Grantham, Harrogate, Hove, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Plymouth, Richmond (Yorks), Sheffield, Shrivenham, Southampton.

YOU HAVEN'T READ "THAT BOOK" FOR YEARS? TURN IT OUT NOW—BEAVERBROOK WANTS IT FOR SHELL CASES!

Good work—good whisky

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street,